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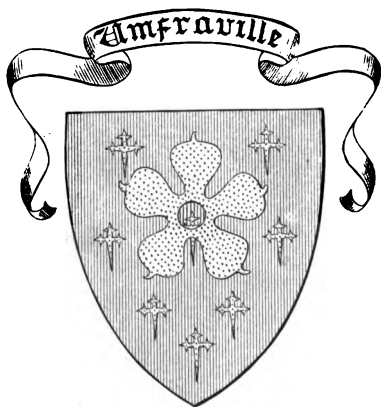
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BLIGHTED AMBITION;

OR, THE

Rise and Fall

OF

THE EARL OF SOMERSET.

A Romance,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

"Let me speak, to the unknowing world,
How these things came about—so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads;—all this can I
Truly deliver." HAMLET.

VOL. II.

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BLIGHTED AMBITION,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder,
Which as they meet consume.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

IN the latter part of the first volume, the reader met with the young Earl of Essex travelling in the suite of the Lord Hay, Ambassador Extraordinary to the King of France. At the period when the second volume of our tale commences, Essex had returned from his travels, and found his young Countess in all the bloom of youth and beauty; but he had also the misfortune to discover that her

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affections were wholly alienated from him ; and he had yet to learn that during his absence, his wife had become enamoured of both Prince Henry, and the more seducing favourite, Viscount Rochester.

Of the encomiums passed upon the latter she had too often heard ; his worth was extolled, and his virtues were magnified by the vulgar ; but she had not the skill to discover, that those who praised her “ dear Rochester ” were creatures hired to worship the Favourite, or else they were suitors, who hoped to enjoy the King’s smile, by extolling as virtues in his Favourite what bore another name. All that she saw was seen at Court, where every suit that Rochester preferred, was allowed, whether it were crown lands or lands forfeited and confiscated, or honours and titles to dignify their possessors. The Countess of Essex saw only that the revenues of Rochester

increased daily, that his glory became yearly so resplendent as to dazzle the courtiers who were around him, and to cast into shade the dignity of the best and the oldest of the nobility, and the eminence of such as were once the most excellent in the land. The Countess of Suffolk, mother to this bewitched lady, and who knew more of human nature than her daughter might be supposed acquainted with, and of the ideas which marriage creates in the female mind, ought never to have suffered this premature match, or having permitted it, she should have recollected, that the fears and hopes and expectations of a young bride, are best composed in the arms of her husband.— But in place of this, she even favoured the disgraceful intimacy between her daughter and Rochester; and the vulgar report even went so far as to alledge, that she was privy to the Queen's lock-

ing up Prince Henry with her daughter, without remonstrance, complaint or appeal.

With the prodigality of the courtiers, who squandered the nation's wealth without shame or remorse, the young Countess of Essex strove to keep pace ; of the applause which she heard heaped on Rochester she coveted a share, and of the honours which were lavished on him she was ambitious to partake. But how was she to do this and remain the wife of Essex ? She had been forced by her parents to wed him, and though she admired she had never loved him, and now he had lost all possession of her affections. Her admiration of him was founded on one solitary action of his life, but it was a brilliant touch of a noble bearing, and it won her heart, at that period susceptible of the purest sentiments being bestowed on the worthiest object. Since her lord had struck Prince

Henry with his racket, she had had many opportunities of judging of his Highness's parts, and altogether, she could love him in preference to Essex; but the Prince had offended her on more occasions than one, and she now heartily hated him.

Rochester, on the other hand, had opened her heart to the allurements of love during the absence of her lawful lord. Rochester's worth she had openly commended, his manly spirit had enchanted her soul, his handsome person could alone captivate her senses; and on him, therefore, could she vouchsafe to glance with the smile of approval, and the languishing look of love and desire. At her Earl's castle of Chartley in Staffordshire, the Countess could enjoy none of those gay delights she participated in at Whitehall, at Theobalds, and at Royston, when she attended on the Court, and enjoyed the society of her "dear Rochester."

Among the domestics at Chartley, her

manner towards the Earl was observed and censured ; but at her father's in London, where the servants partook of the dissipation of the court and the vices of the city, the palpable acts of misconduct discoverable between her and Rochester, obtained the softened name of gallantries, a name which had been recently borrowed from the French, and which is now perfectly well understood by critics, whose remarks are founded on observation and not on theory.

At Chartley, the young Earl wished to live in retirement with his Countess, but she hurried him to the metropolis, and her page, William Weston, was immediately despatched to Rochester with a billet, appointing an assignation at Mistress Turner's in Paternoster Row. This billet was attended with the desired effect, and while the Countess of Essex forsook her lord to enjoy the company of her " frippon," Rochester, at Mistress Turner's

town house, Billy Weston entertained a few fellow-servants at the Mitre in Cheap.

This youth had a reasonable share of cunning, and was skilled in all the mischief which formed the pastimes of the vicious, during the profligate reign of the first James. His father had been servant to the husband of Mrs. Turner, and in that capacity acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his employer. On the death of Turner, who by the way was a practitioner of medicaments, such as were then usually prescribed by the faculty and vended by the druggists to the public, Richard Weston, the father, continued an useful, and, at the same time, a favoured servant of the widow. From circumstances of tolerable affluence, Mistress Turner gradually sunk to the situation in which she now appears—a go-between—to Rochester and the Countess of Essex. With the for-

tunes of his mistress, Richard Weston contrived to accommodate himself, and the prospects which glittered before his eyes when he waited upon the Viscount, served to continue for a time his diligence in Turner's household. The Countess of Essex, in return for the father's assiduity, had taken the son, Billy, as her page; and on the day in question, this youngster had no sooner seen his lady safely housed, than he hastened to the Mitre in Cheap, where he met with Henry Peyton, Simon Marson, and Lawrence Davies, who had been enjoying themselves at Rochester's expence.

Peyton and Davies were servants of Sir Thomas Overbury, Marson had been a strolling musician, till fortune threw him within the purlieus of the court, where he played and sang for the diversion of his superiors, and the amusement of his companions.

“ Come hither, Sir Landlord,” quoth

Billy Weston, after the usual salutations had passed between him and his old friends, "how sayest thou, mitred fill-pot, to a stoup of braket?"

"Braket, my young master!" ejaculated the host, 'yclept Cambro Mead, "why, look ye, Sir, this clarey drinks excellent well—my service to you—But if ye will ha' braket, braket it shall be, equal to your Cantab theologicum."

"Drink again, Cambro Mead," said Billy, "pledge the musician, or he'll tip you a stave, in honour of your Irish swash, as Dr. Andrew Borde makes his Welchman say,

I do love, cawse boby, good toasted cheese;
And swysche metheglin, I look for my feet.

Drink, I say drink, and give your guest the best content o' re night, out of hope to please yourself in the morning."

"Gramercie," quoth Cambro Mead,

“ but this savours of my wife’s regency in the kitchen—your health, second fiddle, at this honourable board.”

“ Bow, wow, hear the fellow ? know ye not sirrah,” cried Marson, “ every one who enters here, takes his chamber for the time he stays, as his own, with no less assurance than Billy the Norman’s barons took your ancestor’s castles as their own ?”

“ Drawer, drawer, fetch the braket—now, my masters, call you that not excellent palatable stuff ?”

“ This,” rejoined Weston, drinking, “ this, this is the cursedest stuff ere pawned on travellers—’tis adulterate, mingled.”

“ Let me taste it,” interrupted Cambro Mead—“ This mixt !—I call you to witness, my masters, this is the very purest braket in London—drawer, I say, drawer, did you fetch this from the third cask on the right hand turning to

the left and then to the south, marked March or the mourning garment?—God bless the memory of Elizabeth — My masters, I say, your newes from Bartholomew Fayre, names no house where there is March or October braket half so mellow as this.”

“ Pooh! fellow, none of your gibberish about Bartholomew fayre, I can sing it myself,” cried Lawrence Davies, “give us delicate diet for dainty mouth-ed drunkards, a stoup of dagger ale, and pledge me a cup full, or a malison on your mitre and braket.”

“ Cry you mercy, my master,” quoth Canbro Mead, “but ne’er a malison comes on my mitre or my braket either, be it double beer, march ale, dagger ale or theologicum: I pledge you in—But there goes my wife’s tongue to our tapster—How like ye these notes, my second fiddle?”

“ Ah! go to, thou who ventures what thou canst not say, and art dogged

reason thou hast in all companies ;—go to, Cambro Mead, go to,” cried Weston—and when the host had left the settle on which he had rested himself, Billy rated the worthy guardian of the mitre, swearing that “ his half peck was the measure of his conscience, of which his hostler was the chancellor and kept the key—why look ye, Marson, as I stabled my nag the villainous groom made no more in my presence of cheating a stranger’s horse than his mistress doth in overreaching both ; but here comes the husband, God help him.”

“ Cry you pardon, my masters,” quoth Cambro Mead, as he entered the parlour of his house and took his seat on the settle by the chimney-corner ; “ but if my manners keep not as perfect symmetry as my person”—

“ Thy person !” ejaculated Billy Weston, “ perfect symmetry ; why thy belly bears the exactest proportion to thy biggest jug, that thy face doth of that

in the picture before of Friar Bacon's works."

"Gramercie, my master," said Peyton, "but thy discourse sits well on thee; thou canst suit it withal, as fiddlers do their songs to the ears of the hearers."

"What, what say you of my craft?" asked Marson somewhat peevishly, "uds daggers and thumb-bolts, but I'll play you gracious for your hospitality, Cambro Mead. Is this the reception you bestow on country friends?"

"No offence, my master," said Cambro Mead, "but puzzle the victor, if I would n't as soon controvert the Jew, who would not believe that brawn was part of a hog, or the friar who took it for fish, as debate the point à *logice* with any one who offers me ravelled bread for manchet. But look ye, I'll wager this side faced Harry with any full faced Octo, in the shape of a crown, that Billy Weston offends truth, rather

than his company in the comparisons he hath made, on the upper and middle parts of my sweet person. But 'ne'er mind that, Billy, thou'rt a ready hostler to folks that ride double."

"How now, mine host!" exclaimed Peyton, "proclaimest thou any who do so, that be not man and wife? Have a care when thou sendest thy daughter to Pimlico for a mug of Derby ale, to fetch a colour in her cheek of a morning, that thou foment not the scandal whereof thou complainest."

"Hear ye that, mine host, honest Cambro," cried Marson, chaunting at the same time, to an indifferent tune, these more indifferent words:—

"Youth, wit, and beauty, like a painted sign,
May stay a stranger; but 'tis sprightly wine,
And decent welcome makes him 'light to dine;
For who will pass his time in such a place,
Where nought appears of moment but a face?"

"Yet ne'er be down-hearted, Cambro, thy daughter is a pretty wench; and for the matter of fifty sovereigns and this bonnet full of side-faced Harries, your good crowns, none of your full-faced bad geer;—for the matter of that, I say, Melior Meed becomes Melior Marson: how sayest thou, Cambro? down with the angelets, ryals and sovereigns, and matrimony drives a better colour in Melior's face than her morning walk to Pimlico."

"Lord love ye, my master," replied Cambro Mead, "the girl's promised, and what's more, to a brave gallant that has served in the wars, been to the Indies, and now quarters in the hospital of St. James with the Prince Henry?"

"Bless her taste and good luck to her marriage, say I," rejoined Marson; "but come geer, come short commons, she's like to do well in marrying a fellow that carries no sign of reputation but in

his mouth, and that he suffers to run over with tedious stories of his own valour; such are your soldiers about court."

"Come, my masters, let's be doing; fill your cups;" interrupted Billy Weston; "there's no time on my hands to parley; I must hence to Friponnerie row, for my lady goes from thence to Fleet ferry, where her gallant Rochester's barge awaits to waft us to Lambeth."

"More's the pity," muttered Lawrence Davies; "more's the pity: your Lady's accustomed love towards the Earl of Essex hath been obscured, and those embraces that seemed heretofore pleasing be now turned into frowns, and harsh unseemly words should usher her discontents into her lord's ears."

"And pray, master Davies, wherefore should you pity them?" demanded Weston. "How should you know ought of what passes, between the Countess of

Essex and her Earl? Here you guzzle at my Lord of Rochester's expense, call Cambro Mead's cook a band to the mouth, who lives like a bear licking his fingers; why should you hear of discontents, and pretend to see frowns—Bah, man, bah!—Look here,” continued the youth, chucking up a purse of gold nobles, “do as I do, and you may have your ears filled with virgin gold, pure as it came from Mexico, and I warrant you that makes you deaf enough; and for your eyes, it will be both hood and tassel to you.”

“What said Sir Thomas, the other day,” rejoined Peyton, “when the Viscount talked to him on a certain subject—‘I do believe,’ quoth he, ‘that the good Earl carries himself with an extraordinary affection towards his Countess. He is a nobleman of a very mild and courteous condition. He suffers with all honest and religious care, rather than

correct his lady's outrage.' 'I heard him,' said Sir Thomas, 'admonish her to a better course of life, and to remember now all her fortune depended on his prosperity, that she offered more injury to herself than to him.'"

"Fowls of a feather," answered Weston, as soon as Peyton ceased speaking; "you and Davies hear with the same ears and see with the same eyes. Time enough it is for us to prattle when my Lord and my Lady themselves give people occasion to pass their censures on this disagreement; besides, my Lord has not been home but since Lady-day, and the Countess may cease to be inconstant before Martinmas, playing her pranks as the toy takes her in the head."

"By Gog's bones," exclaimed Marson, "if I had a wife that, like a haggard falcon, out of pride and a gadding humour, would rangle out from her keeper, I would clog her with great

luring-bells, and not whoop for my hawk to no purpose."

"Lookye, my masters," rejoined Weston, "what mean ye to rate me about puritanical virtue, when 'tis thought a crime in a certain quarter not to be vicious? 'Twas but yesterday I heard the King himself vindicate one Origen, who, his Majesty said, wrote, that court and quality shall meet in heaven at last. Now, the matter's plain enough; if the Earl had never travelled, the Countess would not be running at random, sometimes public, sometimes private, whereby, I confess, she disparageth her reputation, and brings herself into the contempt of the world; but who would be mew'd up in a huge castle when she can be coyed at court, hooded and unhooded night after night? Briefly, my Lord is proved a marhawk instead of a good falconer, and his lanneret loves to tire and plume on the lure of an ostarger,

who can make and man her by experience and practice."

The host Cambro Mead, who had more than once desired to put in his word, now said, "Why does not my Lord then give up living a private life, and take his lady into public, and satisfy her ambition?"

"You take wisely, Master Mead," quoth Billy Weston, "e'er since the return of the Earl, we have only been to Drayton, to the Countess of Leicester's, in Warwickshire, then to Salisbury-house, Durham-house, at Audley-end, Kensington-house, and home again to Chartley."

"Fill my cup, Cambro," said Peyton, surlily, "and let my young master Weston complain till Halloweven of not-seeing the world. Mafoi, I am as shipwreck of my health by travel as the Countess of modesty at Theobalds."

"Hold your jaw!" retorted Weston,

“there is a royal court o’ the Star Chamber for all libellers. Would you hae the mists o’ your scrupulous conscience scattered, these puritanical vapours dispersed, then jabber your scandal and mouth the fame of the Countess of Essex; but remember Rochester’s minion, Coppinger, may, perchance, open you the Tower-gate to the rack, or chain you in one of the gallies before Tilbury.”

“Bah!” quoth Peyton; “I fear not my Lord Rochester; he is very honourable; so is my Lord of Essex. Here’s a health to all fripons of Madame la Comptess.—Here, Cambro, here, fill me this mug of braket.”

“Tapster! tapster!” cried Cambro Mead, “braket anon, sirrah. And now, my masters, doth not the Earl allow the Countess her rank?—Who says me nay, I’ll pistolet him with a stoup of clarey. Doth he not give her means according

to her place?—Who says me nay, I'll prick him above his belt as lawful quarry of the spoiler. Has not the Earl shewn an extraordinary affection, and tried to win his Countess by friendly and fair persuasion, than to become rigid towards her?—Who says me nay is a hern at seidge, and I'll stoop on him, and ruff him till he's pelt."

"A good argument, and a valiant one," said Davies; "but, Master Cambro Mead, these things little avail where affections are carried to another scope; and those things, which, to the judgment of the wise, become fit to be used, are of others contemned and despised; so that almost all men speak of the looseness of her carriage, and wonder that the Earl will suffer her in those courses."

"I can hear no more, monster," exclaimed Weston, drawing his sword half out of the sheath at the same time, and adding, with great emphasis, "Turn into

the yard, sirrah, and make good your words with your whittle, or I'll seal your eye-lids closer than ere a hawk's that wore a ruffer hood. Come on, sirrah, come on; if ye rue not this, I'll be laod to a stake within low water-mark."

"Peace, my masters, peace," quoth Cambro Mead, in evident trepidation—"peace, or we may all go to Richmond fair at Rood-tide. Thou, Weston, take thy place on the settle, and call for clarey, or what thou wilt, to drown thy wrath; and hark ye, Master Peyton, an idle brain is the devil's workshop—so go not to hell for company; but do as I do, my masters—bear and forbear, that's short and good philosophy."

"Huff," quoth Davies, surlily, if Billy Weston be after blood-letting, I'll measure weapons with him e'en now, or, an he like it better after we've put a good stoup of sack under our belts. I've seen it, my masters

that he who thought he could do most could least ; an Master Weston be bound for another, he goes in at the wide end of the horn, and must come out at the narrow, an he can ; but ne'er a foot do I budge from Cambro Mead's settle. An Billy Weston knows not that he who will have a mule without any fault must keep none, then I 'll hang my wisdom on that peg, and satisfy his honour anon."

"Here, my masters, here is your sack," interrupted the jolly landlord, and the company, in quaffing it, soon forgot their dispute ; but, nevertheless, the opinions expressed in the dialogue we have related were the sentiments publicly entertained of the parties to whom allusion has been made.

Weston and his comrades being now well soaked with Cambro Mead's best liquids, he forgot that he had been in haste and proposed several games

“ Now, my masters, now you’re all in good case, each man o’ you has put three mugs of good liquor under his belt—which of you now can put Randal Holmes’ younker sports to the small music of these catabanqui, upon the benches and barrel heads in the street?”

None of the party would venture to sing agreeably to Weston’s plan; and he being humoursome called to the tavern minstrels “ Come, my catabanqui, masters, you that give a fit of mirth for a groat, or a story of old times, as the Tale of Sir Topaz, Bevis of Southampton, or Guy of Warwick—which of you, I say, sings me Randal Holmes’ younker sports, and I ’ll make him as rich as any guardsman that ever attended the Lord of Misrule, with his rings, baubles, and bells.”

Several of these itinerant musicians leapt from their seats on the benches and

barrels' heads, and commenced singing, in a species of recitative, the following ballad of old English sports, which we recite in its antique orthography. Some of these sports may be unintelligible, as the games of which Richard Brome's Meriel * speaks with such pleasure, namely, " See my gossip's cock to-day," " Mould cockle bread," and " Binde barrels." But that is not our concern : the cantabanqui sung merrily :—

“ And they dare challenge for to throw the sledge ;
 To jumpe or lepe over ditch or hedge ;
 To wrastle, play at stool balle, or to runne ;
 To pitch the barre or to shote offe the gunne ;
 To play at loggets, nine holes, or ten pinnes ;
 To trye it oute at foot-balle by the shinnes ;
 At ticke-tackke, seize, noddie, man or niffe ;
 Hot cockles, leap frogge, or blindman's buffe ;

* Jovial Crew.

THE RISE AND FALL OF SOMERSET. 27

To drink the halser pottes, or deall at the whole
canne ;

To play at chesse, or pue, and inke horinne ;

To dance the morris, playe att barley breake ;

Att shove grotte, venter poynte, att crosse and pyle ;

Att beshrewe him that 's last att any style ;

Att lepynge ovir a Christmas bon-fyer,

Or att the drawynge dame oute o' the myre ;

Att shoote cock, Greg'ry, stoole balle, and what
not ;

Pickè-poynt top, and scange to make him hotte."

CHAP. II.

——— Graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd and let them
 forth
By my so potent art.

THE TEMPEST.

LONG before Billy Weston bethought him of returning to the Countess at Mistress Turner's in Paternoster Row, Rochester had quitted the city to repair to Whitehall. With the utmost impatience, therefore, did Lady Frances await the arrival of her page; and he no sooner entered her presence than she chid him for his negligent delay, but more especially for the signs of intemperance he showed in his gait and look.

“Why, sirrah, how comes it you make a beast of yourself?” demanded the

Countess ; “ go, get ye sober in a trice, or I’ll have you bastinadoed at Ludgate, and ducked in the Fleet. Your brains are more out of order than your hat-band, saucy varlet.”

“ Madam, I am sober—albeit my eyes are a little red, and my cheeks flushed,” answered Weston pertly ; “ but I’ll do your bidding ; yet it ’s hard to fight for your Ladyship, and be scolded into the bargain.”

“ Fight, sirrah, fight !—hast thou been at daggers with a bravo ?” inquired the Countess eagerly ; and as the artful page bowed his head in token of affirmation to the question, she added, “ Nay, then, I do wrong to scold thee.” And as she spoke these words, with a feeling accent, Weston knelt on one knee, kissed the Countess’s hand, and quitted her presence, to put his dress in a better trim.

By the time he returned, his Lady and Mistress Turner were muffled up for a

journey ; and Coppinger, a bravo of Rochester's leading the way, the party followed a private pathway by London Wall, from Stationers' Court that now is, across Ludgate, and down the margin of the river Fleet till they came to the Thames. There, an elegant barge, manned with eight rowers, awaited the Countess, who was handed into it by Weston. The accommodation was every way suitable for a person of her rank ; the boat was built in the fashion of a Venetian gondola, the after-part being tastefully covered with a species of damasked canvas brought from Holland, that served the double purpose of concealing the passengers and defending them from the inclemency of the weather ; the bow was ornamented with a beautiful head, composed of a Neptune, attended by sea-nymphs ; and the stern was framed and carved to represent a shell of huge dimensions, similar to some that

had recently been brought from the Indies; this was supported by two Naiads, that, in their turn, were borne out of the water by a couple of venerable tritons; one arm of these last entwined round the dolphin part of the water nymphs, while the other pointed to the arms of Essex, quartered with those of Howard, in the the convexity of the massy shell above. Immediately under the gunwale, and passing along the entire length of the barge, were on each side represented, in carved work, the achievements of the two houses of Devereux and Howard. Every part of this superb barge was painted with the most lively and appropriate colours, except where the artist had laid on gold leaf or silvering upon scarlet or azure blue grounds; and the whole presented the idea of luxuriant magnificence.

The barge slowly ascended the Thames, for the current ran strongly, it being

then low water ; but the helmsman directed her course obliquely across the river, as the inshore stream is always less impetuous than the central, where the depth and body of the water accelerates its force. There were then none of those coal, and wood, and lime, and iron, and stone wharfs, that now cumber the margin of this majestic river between Blackfriars and the Palace of Lambeth.

On the northern bank, beautiful gardens sloped to the brink of the water, and displayed, in their rear, the summits of numerous castellated palaces of the nobility ; and between the Temple Gardens and London Bridge the antique roofs of many religious houses, that had, within the short period of a century, been in the possession alternately of Catholics and Protestants, monks and merchants, churchmen and laymen ; so various were their masters in a country

that had four times, in twenty years, changed its national religion.

On the southern bank of the river, there appeared little of that throng of churches and palaces which stunted the northern bank ; but there the vast plain which stretched southward to the Surry Hills, westward even to Richmond, and eastward as far as the eye could reach, was diversified with numerous farms and orchards, hop gardens, and grazing meadows.

In some places this plain lay so low that from the gallery of the Countess's barge, the roofs only of adjacent farm houses could be seen peeping above the noble embankment that appeared partly the labour of industrious generations long since dead, but more generally the operation of nature in those changes she makes in diverting the course of rivers from channels in which they flowed from time immemorial.

Along the southern gentle flowing current of the river the rowers plied their oars, and soon reached Lambeth, where the Countess was landed with her attendants Turner, Coppinger, and Weston; Mistress Turner, who acted as guide to the party, conducted the Countess through many narrow bye lanes to a neat cottage, well sheltered by trees, and, on the whole, so curiously fashioned as to represent the grotto of a magician. Coppinger, on the approach of the party to this secluded dwelling, applied a cat-call to his mouth, and whistled, or rather piped the inmate to a knowledge of his company and their quality.

With cautious step a venerable looking man approached the casement of stout oaken board, which was pierced with numerous holes of various diameter, but all stuffed up with plugs, so that by removing few, or many of these, both air and light could be admitted in whatever proportion the occupant pleased.

This ancient inhabitant of Lambeth wore a beard that was partly sprinkled with the blossoms of the tomb, and his locks were still more blanched with shaggy grey hair—He had on a mantle of velvet that had once been green, around his waist a stout silken cord with rich but dingy tassels was several times warped ; and his head was covered with a bonnet of the same stuff, and seemingly of the same age with his gown.

“ Father,” said the Countess, “ we are come to have another tug at the aspects and configurations through thy jatro-mathematical skill.”

“ *Salve, filia, salve, ora pro me,*” said the aged artist ; then addressing his helpmate, “ Trunco, Trunco, open the door to the Countess,” and his wife Trunco did so, the party entering agreeably to a prescribed rule of the astrologer.

“ The astrologer ” !—yes—the Countess of Essex was now within the domicile of a magician. The artists who practised medicine in the sixteenth, and early in the seventeenth centuries, were generally men skilled in the learning of the times, but they mixed with a knowledge of simples a vast mass of heterogeneous stuff under the specious but absurd name of alchymy. Still with all its errors, the alchymy of the philosophers, if such they may be called, of those times, became the handmaid of a more rational and enlightened science, now known under the fascinating and popular name of Chemistry. In the dawn of the reformation speculative men launched forward in experiments to achieve what the labour of ages had discovered to be little better than twining ropes of sand. They had received from the monks of the dark ages certain hints about discovering that indescrib-

able and unknown panacea, the philosopher's stone, and no test was left untried to arrive at the arcanum of all that was deemed valuable in science and in knowledge.

Connected with the pursuits of the laboratory, the mediciners of this period united astrology, a trade much more gainful than either the culling of simples, or the amalgamating of metals, or the decomposing of substances. Even Harry the Eighth enquired of a diviner the fate of his children, and was informed that his son should not live long, that Mary would wed a Spaniard, and Elizabeth should outlive her sister, and marry either a Scot or a Frenchman, so that, eventually strangers would occupy the English throne. Whereupon, he endeavoured to poison both these princesses; and this not succeeding, he caused them both to be declared bastards,

hoping thereby to bar their lawful successions. Indeed, tradition affirms, that the poison rendered each of them incapable of having children, of which Mary had been so well convinced, that in revenge, she privately disinterred her father's bones, and stood by, while they were burned to ashes !

In the reign of James both astrology and witchcraft met with much nonsensical encouragement and inhuman punishment; for, in a scarce pamphlet, called "News from Scotland," we find Agnis Thompson, a curious witch, making open confession before the King and council of her pranks. Agnis and other witches, to the number of two hundred, went altogether by sea, each in her own riddle, (*anglice sieve*) when the King crossed over to Denmark for his bride, Anne. The beldames carried with them flagons of wine, making merry and drinking by the way, to

the kirk of North Berwick in Lothian, where, when they had landed, they took hands and danced, singing with one voice—

“ Commer go ye before, commmer go ye,
Gif ye will not go before, commmer let me.”

But the beldames were mirthful witches, for Geilis Duncan went before them, playing the said reel on a trump, or Jew's harp. The King expressed some doubt here, but the council sent for Geilis Duncan, who upon the like trump, did play the same dance before the King's Majesty. Agnis declared further, that the Devil met the hags at North Berwick; but James again shewing symptoms of doubt, she took him a little aside, and declared to him the very words which had passed between him and his queen on the first night of their marriage, with their answer to each other.

To the weak-minded monarch this was "confirmation strong as holy writ," and, in the plenitude of his wonder, he swore by the living Jupiter, that he believed all the devils in the infernal regions could not have discovered the same. Agnis then proceeded with an elaborate account of the solemn christening of a cat ; "which cat," said the beldame, "was the cause that the King's ship coming from Denmark had a contrary wind." James seemed to vouch for the correctness of this part of Agnis's story, for he declared to the lords in council, that while all the ships in the fleet had a fair wind, a contrary wind blew against the royal transport, and that their Majesties' sacred persons had never come safely to land if the King's faith had not prevailed against the incantations of these wicked beldames.

And, according to Archbishop Spotiswood, Agnis Tompson, "the wise WIFE OF KEITH," was a woman not of

the base and ignorant sort of witches, but matron-like, grave and settled in her answers, which were all to some purpose. With this impostor even Bothwell, the most notorious among the turbulent nobility of Scotland towards the close of the sixteenth century; had united in her magical enquiries. Agnis, either from a desire to rid Scotland of so factious a person as Bothwell, or from some secret wish to oblige some other aspiring nobleman, declared that Bothwell had with her employed witchcraft to obstruct the King's voyage by sea, and to search into his fortune and the time of his death. Bothwell, thus accused, lost every shadow of the royal favour, and became an object of terror to the King, who watched with extreme jealousy that his lieges might hold no commerce with Satan.

In short, so powerfully did the Pythonian responses of these hags operate

on the minds of men otherwise rough and unsophisticated, that Captain Stuart, late Earl of Arran, was assassinated without making the least resistance, by a Douglas, in revenge for the death of the regent, Morton. "What is the name of this field?" inquired Stuart, when he found himself pursued by the revengeful Douglas; and being told the name, "Alas!" exclaimed he: "I thought so;—I wish I could get over it," referring evidently to some fanatical presage that worked on his superstitious but cowardly, ruffian mind.

So much were the power and arts of these imaginary beings feared and shunned, that the annals of Scotland were disgraced but a few years before James's accession to the English throne, by a most violent procedure against witches. And so many of these unfortunate beings were discovered, that their persecutors became alarmed by their

own diligence, remitted the penalty of some, and prevented any further executions against others, unless after confession. This need not be wondered at, when the reader is told, that Margaret Atkin, an infamous hag, undertook to discover witches by their eyes. Every poor old woman, who was obnoxious to this Satanic informer, was instantly proceeded against ; for she met with ready belief, especially at Glasgow, where a scoundrel named Cowper, calling himself a minister of the gospel, aided and abetted the horrid project of Atkin. Before this villainous impostor was detected and convicted, hundreds of infirm and aged women had suffered death. Cowper, the coadjutor of her complicated villainy, escaped the gallows when his fellow conspirator was executed, though of the two he was the greater and more culpable criminal.

In the Highlands and Western Isles,

the popular belief in witches was carried to a greater length than in the Lowlands. Indeed the Highlanders looked not with fear, but superstitious piety upon every idiot, old woman pointed at as a witch, and every knave, that pawned on the credulous his ravings of the "second sight."

Among the last of the battles fought among the Scottish clans, was that between Sir Laughlan Maclean of Mull, who invaded Ilay with fifteen hundred good broad swords, intending to deprive his nephew, the Lord of the Isles, of that patrimony. A witch, the oracle of Mull, had given Sir Laughlan three counsels, each of which he was obliged to counter-act. He was bade not to land on a Thursday, but he was compelled to disembark by a storm ; he was not to drink of a certain spring, but he did it through ignorance ; lastly, he had directions as to choosing his field of battle, which he could not obey. The sagacious reader will

anticipate the event. Sir Laughlan was defeated and slain !

Though not precisely of the same school with Agnis Tompson, or the oracle of Mull, the venerable looking man upon whom the Countess of Essex this day waited, professed to cure all diseases of the body, and to afford equanimity to the mind, by offering his patients some dawning glimpses into futurity. But the artists in medicine, though generally skilled in various occult sciences, were not witches. If evidence to the contrary were wanting, we could produce Dr. Bulleyn, who in one of his books laments the increase of witchcraft, as more hurtful to this realm than quartan, the sweating sickness or pestilence ; and grieves that witches should walk at large while so many blessed men are burned.—Now this “chyrurgian” died but a few years before Elizabeth of “blessed memory ;” and his opinions,

which were published to the world, mark the sentiments of his times, and shew that the good doctor would have only exchanged one species of persecution for another; and while he spared the protestant would have burned the witch.

So also Reginald Scot of Kent, but he eventually efficaciously convinced himself of the folly of crediting magic possessions, and the favourite nonsense of the age. His "Discovery of witchcraft," written as an antidote to the absurdity of the times, had a great effect on the magistrates and clergy; but the preface to the "Dæmonology" of King James, brought men back to their prejudices, and witch burning became once more a fashionable diversion. James had the misfortune to encounter, in England, a host of votaries, of the fantastical, pseudo science of alchymy! and, although he allowed the artists in chase of the great

secret, to pursue every track of the Rosicrucian knowledge from county to county, he abominated witches, and actually feared the intimations of the adepts who were advancing to projection.

Alchymy and astrology going hand in hand, and every medical man being also an alchemist, was by consequence a conjuror in the opinion of the world. But there is another science to be brought into our catalogue, to account for the pursuit of a phantom equally delusive with that of the philosopher's stone. In the sixteenth century, learned men were usually deeply skilled in the mathematics; and the study of astronomy at this period engaged the attention of those who were best read in the astronomy of the ancients, till the foundation of the Alexandrian school, and who had also traced its progress from the foundation of that school to the time of the Arabs, saw the same science pursued in modern

Europe by Alphonso, King of Castile, Frederick II. of Germany, Purbeck, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe and Galileo. Galileo's discoveries astonished the learned men ; Tycho's afforded full scope for their mathematical knowledge ; and his pupil, Kepler, at the period of which we are writing, had explained to mankind the disposition of the solar system, by the laws of musical harmony. But Kepler had destroyed the epicycles of Ptolemy which even Copernicus had preserved ; he had determined the curve which the planets describe round the sun ; he had discovered the laws of their motion ; he had conjectured that the attraction of the moon was the cause of the tides, and he suspected that the irregularities of the lunar motion were produced by the combined actions of the sun and the earth on the moon.

Besides the discovery of Jupiter's satel-

lites, at this period afforded fresh matter of speculation. The relative situations of these four moons continually changing their oscillations on both sides of the planet, going alternately from the greatest distance on one side to the greatest distance on the other, sometimes in a straight line and sometimes in an ecliptic curve, their frequent occultations, were all phenomena of wonder, admiration, and midnight speculation.

With these novel and interesting discoveries, the best and the wisest men in England during the reign of James the First, laboured like school boys to be well acquainted. The rude instruments they used in measuring the altitudes of the heavenly bodies, the telescopes with which some few gazed on the moon's disc, their theodolites for measuring angles, and their schemes of the celestial bodies, were all matters of wonderment to the illite-

rate, who, in their veneration and fear, styled the astronomers conjurors. . . .

The mystery too with which this heavenly science was pursued, drew upon its disciples unmerited disgrace; and many who combined the little knowledge which they possessed of its elements with an unintelligible astrology, ranked high as diviners into futurity, even if they professed not the art of the alchemist, and spent not their days in the transmutation of metals. But when the surgeon was also an astrologer by profession and an Hebrew by nation, his fame was extensive; for the partiality in favour of Jewish physicians was unaccountable though probably ill founded, yet Elizabeth chose to trust her health in the hands of Rodrigo Lopez rather than have recourse to many English students in medicine of considerable abilities who attended her court.— She had nearly suffered for her ill-

placed confidence, as Lopez was fairly convicted of an attempt to poison his partial protectress.

The same fantastic preference had made Francis I. when indisposed with a tedious complaint, apply to Charles V. for an Israelite, who was the Imperial physician. Accordingly the person whom he sought for visited Paris; but the King, finding this son of Abraham had been converted to christianity, lost all confidence in his advice, and applied to his good ally Soliman II. who sending him a true hardened Jew, the monarch took his counsel, drank asses milk, and recovered.

The venerable looking sage, whom the Countess of Essex now consulted, was of this ancient fraternity though he drew his first breath in Westminster. Early in life he had added to a portion of abstruse Rabbinical learning considerable knowledge in alchymical researches, and having travelled throughout Holland

and Germany in the train of the renowned Kelly, alluded to by Hudibras, he afterwards made the tour of Bohemia and Hungary alone, where he obtained great fame as a Skryer, or seer of visions. Travelling southward he arrived ultimately in Italy, where he acquired still more knowledge, which induced him to pass into Spain, and there he gained many secrets of his art from the people of his own nation, who availed themselves of the products of the New World in the curative art. Here Forman, for that was the name of our traveller, obtained a quantity of a certain brown powder, ground, or rather pounded from the bark of a rare tree in the Indies, and from a Portuguese Jew who had just returned from Goa he purchased several leathern bags, which though small were extremely valuable, containing an exquisite medicine that procured immediate sleep. There was besides in the pharmacopœia of his Spanish brethren a curious powder,

so subtle and yet so efficacious in its effects that the smallest portion of it was reckoned a strong dose to powerful constitutions. Laden with these treasures of his art, Doctor Forman returned to London, and commenced a copartnery with an experienced Israelite, who had long practised medicine in Cannon street. But besides the craft of Hippocrates, Dr. Forman resolved horary questions about thefts, marriages, deaths, and all other interrogatories depending on astrological jatro-mathematical solutions.

“*Salve, filia, salve, ora pro me,*” said the aged artist, as he cast his eye on the Countess, and addressed her in language which was but little familiar in the mouths of his people, for it was as rare in those days as it is at present to hear an Israelite ask the prayers of a Christian. But Forman was a man of the world, to whom all religions were of the same value and importance, and the salu-

tation and petition he made use of were in no ways unbecoming an Hebrew lip.

“Coppinger,” said the Countess, addressing the brave whom Rochester had placed by her side as a protector, as he played well at the science of defence;—
 “Coppinger, we shall abide here a space, be ye within hail of my cat-call; and thou, Weston, see thou rake not beyond Master Coppinger’s creance and mingle with the vassals of the Archbishop.” These worthies both made their obeisance, and turning on their heel soon harboured where their company was both pleasant and entertaining; the Countess in the mean time was admitted by Trunco, and Forman himself received her with much formality.

“Daughter,” said he, “take the pen, and in this alphabetical Album write thy name at its full length.”

“But wherefore this unusual circum-

stance, father?" inquired the Countess.

"Nay, ask no questions, daughter," replied the artist; "but subscribe thyself honestly, else our skill will avail nothing—See, from the moment thou hast entered, I set my glass, and even now much sand hath run—Waste not, want not—the rarest of all, a fit time to begin our configurations."

"Give me the pen!" said the Countess with a sigh—"If it must be so, I will even expose myself to foresee my destiny"—And as she spake these words, she wrote "Frances Essex."

"And you, daughter," added the arch diviner, addressing himself to Mistress Turner, "Write in this column your name."

Turner, with great eagerness, seized the pen and subscribed herself "Anne Turner." But there was a peculiarity about the book which now for the first

time attracted the eye of the Countess. Each page was ruled into several separate columns, the first bore a heading indicating the year, month, and day, the second the name of the applicant, the third expressed the object of the application, as, for example, "whether the lady should bury her husband, and what second husband she should have, and whether they should enjoy their loves, and whether maids should get husbands, or enjoy their servants to themselves without corrivals;"—the fourth column was superscribed with the awful word "Witness"—and it was this epithet which now caught the eye of the Countess. Of Turner, however, she entertained no fears, and the book was filled with the names of the first ladies in the land. The Countess therefore consoled herself that where the exposure would be so general, the odium would be the less, as men walk the more upright in pro-

portion as their number is many in bearing a burden that would overwhelm one.

The Artist then proceeded to put certain questions to the Countess, leaving Mistress Turner to be entertained by Trunco, and having set his scheme and methodized the various characters, proceeded to the conclusions or judgments, but the aspects were malignant, and as he strove to muster his reasons for this unpropitious configuration, the setting glass broke, to the utter dismay of the inquirer and the astrologer.

The Countess shrieked through fright, the Doctor muttered a long jargon of cabalistical phrases, and then with great ceremony touched a particular part of the wainscoting in his chamber, whereupon a secret door flew open and discovered to the disconsolate lady a man in the dress of an earl, sumptuously clad, and bearing in his hand a parchment

roll, which by some ingenious contrivance of the artist gradually unfolded from the hand of the figure, and displayed the following words richly illuminated, as if they had belonged to an ancient missal :—

“ Robert won thee without art ;
Thou still art Robert’s better part ;
Behold thy Robert in his star ;
From Robert thou’lt be moved far.”

This unintelligible jargon pleased and bewildered the Countess, as Forman thrice called upon her to read the “ destiny fate awarded”—She did so, and was now sufficiently furnished with presentiments of good fortune, for the designation of “ Robert” applying equally to the Earl of Essex and the Viscount Rochester, the Countess repeated and interpreted the words to suit her inclinations and hopes.

The lady now proposed to Forman that

he would employ his art to make Rochester love her wholly, and this he promised to do when the hour arrived for his conference with a familiar, "as by uniting the power of figures with the incantations of a talisman," said he, "we of my craft arrive at more certain conclusions in our judgments."

In the mean time he opened a cabinet of antique workmanship, and took from one of its drawers a small case, inclosing a ring which opened after the fashion of a watch by a spring, and contained a peculiar but exquisite perfume, which he assured the Countess could not be smelt by any one without fixing his love irrevocably.

"And this ring," said he, "which one of my nation brought from the innermost parts of Arabia, even upon the borders of Persia, and which with great peril he carried secretly bound up in a curl of his hair throughout many coun-

tries and regions, your grace will wear as an amulet to charm the Lord Rochester; but beware ye use it not in company of your Lord of Essex, and by no means when in the society of Prince Henry. The price is indifferent high, but the power irresistible; the pawn of it for a season will be the deposit of its worth, returnable when it is returned, and ten gold nobles a week for its use."

"Any thing, father, any thing to riev't the affections of Rochester. This purse is tolerably heavy; will it satisfy for principal and interest till I call on the sabbath when the people are all making merry with their games and interludes?"

"As I am one of the sons of affliction," said Forman, "the purse is not half the value; but that cross round your peerless neck, and that ring on your fore finger, they may help, as

God is my judge, to make up the balance." "Avaricious wretch," thought the Countess, as she undid the clasp of a cross which round her neck she bore,

"That jews might kiss and infidels adore."

The ring she pulled from her fore finger with even more reluctance, for it was studded with a brilliant of the loveliest violet colour, and so valuable that the Emperor looked on it as the richest jewel he could bestow on Robert Earl of Essex, when that young nobleman last passed through Vienna on his way to London.

Having thus secured both the cross and the ring, in addition to the purse of gold nobles, the wary astrologer put up the "enchanted ring" in its case, gave it to the Countess, and then proceeded to reset his scheme which had turned out so luckless when the glass

broke. But here again he was discomfited, for upon consulting his tablets he discovered that the inquirer had crossed a living stream at low water, and thus rendered of no avail both his knowledge and time. At all events to put the virtue of his science to the test, and afford his disciple some satisfactory and ocular proof of her good fortune, he conducted her into his workshop, which was curiously set out with furnaces, jars of various sizes and shapes, pans of different diameter and depth of lip, crucibles, alembics, retorts, and sieves, tongs, pestles and mortars.

In this curious place the artist proposed to experiment on the word "Robert," by burning a clay figure of a man in the sacred furnaces, so called from his having on a late occasion obtained a complete transmutation of one metal into another.

But while the credulous peeress is di-

verted and teased by Dr. Forman, we will glance upon her attendants.

Mistress Turner, in company of Trunco, the Doctor's woman, spent at least two hours in agreeable chit chat, which these dames sweetened with some excellent French wines, and a collation that had been previously conveyed thither from Lambeth Palace.

Coppinger and Weston disposed of themselves, we observed, where their company was both agreeable and entertaining. The former repaired to the Archbishop's Palace and received the hospitality of his Grace's domestic chaplain: the latter followed the same track, and was welcomed by one of the lacqueys with whom he had once run the gantlope, and by the cook, Martin Franklin, who had a suit to prefer to the Viscount Rochester, and who therefore judged that, if he could engage Master Weston to gain the promise of the

Countess of Essex, it would be presented, the prayer of the petition would be granted, and his Grace's cook would become purveyor for the King's Majesty.

Weston, who had by this time recovered from the effects of his carousal at the Mitre in Cheap, but who had lost none of his insolence, entered the palace kitchen with his arms a-kimbo, addressing Martin Franklin in these words.—“ Baud to the mouth; thou bully cook, that killest thine own stomach to quicken thy master's, I greet thee well, Master Franklin.”

“ God-a-mercy! what wind blows thee thither Billy Weston?”—asked Martin Franklin.

“ Good wind and stout rowers, bully cook. Why how now—in thy white sleeves, Master Franklin, and apron blanch, thou resemblest a priest in his ephod, Master Martin Franklin; and

seemest to be preparing a sacrifice rather than a supper."

"Gramercie, boy, hold thy tongue and sit thee down"—replied the cook.

"Eat me some of this sallad, thou needest vegetables to cool thy warm blood."

"Vegetables," retorted Weston, "grass for asses—thy sallad may justly be thought to personate an idol—thine office is a representation of Hell, where all sorts of creatures are tormented in flames to satisfy the depraved and various tastes of men."

"Vegetables, my young master," said his Grace's cook, "vegetables? I could serve thee up a vegetable dessert, Dr. Caius himself would smack his lips after.—See thee, here, sirrah, these quinces, this marmalade, these pomegranets, oranges sliced, and to be eaten with that rare sugar from the Indies; succate of the peel or bark thereof and

of some pomecitres, old apples and pears, prunes, raisins, dates, and Spanish nuts," and how far the cook would have run on it is impossible to say, had he not been stopped in his career by the page.

"All very good, thou vegetable whoreson, all excellent good," replied Weston, "but give me some lamb, none of thy gross beef for my stomach; but set me out some dishes and sauces appropriate in their kind, with sweet junkets and confections of spiceries: I would eat a light supper, and even now it verges on five in the afternoon,—bear a hand in what thou dost."

"Here, my master, sit down with this fair napkin before thee," replied Martin Franklin, "no wooden knives now a days as I have seen; but Sheffield whittles, and spoons made o' the silver from the Indies."

"Aye, aye, Master Martin Franklin, thou talkest reason, as why not? thy

profession something quadrates with heraldry, varying no less in ounces than that art doth in colours, bends, fesses, and metals; there now, gramercie, Master Martin Franklin—gramercie, said I; if thou art not as much puzzled about the marshalling of these remnants of the high priest as the good knight Baker in writing his chronicles,—let me have a cruse of theologicum.”

“Wouldst thou not like some of this right good porrage from Worcester—or a cup of claret?” demanded the archbishop’s cook.

“A plague on all your apple wine, man, give me theologicum,” exclaimed the Page, “or thou art no servant of the church or his Grace either.”

Martin therefore went to a cupboard and brought forth a flagon of the liquor which the page sought, and filled him a pint cruse thereof.

“Ah!” quoth Weston, taking a long

pull, " this smacks of the shop, 'tis excellent theologicum, and has been in the cellars of this old palace since the use of oil in confirmation and extreme unction were left out of the liturgy, and prayers for departed souls ceased to be said : its my thinking the monks were better employed in making this most potent theologicum than in jabbering the legends of St. Theresa and St. Catherine of Sienna."

" Bethink thee, Billy ! bethink thee where thou art, and speak reverent of the religion of Mary, rest her soul," said Martin, putting on the copy of an offended countenance.

" Well done, Martin ; up with the bigot's colours !" exclaimed Weston, laughing. " Hast thou got no Eliza Crofts as a familiar spirit in the wall to whistle out strange prophecies against thine artful conveyance of the holy wafer out of the pix ?"

"Sancti Gregori!" exclaimed Martin, who though externally a strong lubberly Protestant, was in heart a devout and confirmed recusant.

"Ah! n'emport!" as we said in Calais," retorted Weston, "we'll not quarrel for any puritanical shavelings or fasting recusants; and I dare say thou couldst calculate me easier the precedence at thy table of a woodcock, or widgeon, or gull, or gosling, than Master Baker the pedigree of his lords and ladies, for I must finish what I had to say of that pedant earwig of James—no treason I hope, Master Martin Franklin," added Weston, looking round the gloomy kitchen.

"No, none, as I cool my tongue with this cruse of clary," replied Franklin.

"Your clary makes theologicum sit easy on the stomach, Master Martin, without curdling like asses' milk on good king Francis," rejoined Weston.

"Now, Master Billy, wouldst thou oblige an old friend, and hand this bit of parchment to thy lady, and say to her it's for my Lord of Rochester's eye only," said Martin Franklin.

"God's wounds, sirrah," exclaimed Weston in high dudgeon, "what mean ye? me take upon me to know my lady knows the Viscount; 'sdeath, bully Martin, sooner would I encounter a baited bull in the cook-pit, or a she-bear in Drury-lane menagerie."

"No offence, my master," replied Franklin, "no offence; but this thou mightst do to recover me a bit o' land they have snubbed me o' in Lancashire, at least they hae my family, and my Lord o' Rochester could easy restore it, thou knowest—"

"No—no—sooner will I chop off this hand than belie my lady and offend my Lord of Rochester: why, bully cook, I'm to be his master of horse in a year

or so, and think'st thou I'd peril myself for thy barren heath, no—no—no.”

“Well, but wilt lay it in my Lord Rochester's way, where he can't miss but see it?” asked Martin Franklin, “promise me that, Master Weston, and thou'lt fare none the worse.”

“Why for the matter of that,” said Weston, “I can put it in a certain place where he must see it,” and the consequential page placed the document in his bosom. He had hardly secured it when the rough voice of Coppinger saluted his ear, and wishing his friend Martin “all success in his attempt to recover his plantation of furze,” Billy left the warm kitchen and joined the bravo under the gothic archway or grand western entrance to the palace.

In a short space they arrived within hail of the astrologer's cottage, and soon after the shrill whistle of the Countess's cat-call summoned them to her attendance.

No sooner, however, had the Countess of Essex left Forman's sequestered grove, than two other persons knocked at the door, and demanded admittance. One of the persons was tall, stout, and forward in his gait; the other was more graceful, and more delicately formed. The astrologer admitted them without any of the ceremony he used towards the Countess of Essex, and as they removed their cloaks from the lower part of their faces, up to which they had lifted them with the left hand, Trunco, who was at the Doctor's elbow, curtsied, and said, "Give your Grace good-morrow."

"Good-morrow, Mistress," answered the young prince, for he it was to whom the woman spoke.

"*Salve, serenissime Princeps, salve,*" said Forman, bowing after the fashion of his people.

"Good Master Forman," quoth Prince Henry, "a vain humour hath brought

my Lord of Pembroke and us thither to try thy skill."

"As far as I can tell the stars that gild the liquid pole," replied Forman, "your grace may command me; and in my alchymical house I will discover to your Highness the rarest invention since the days of Charnock, Blanch, Parry, or the adept of Salisbury; of him, most puissant prince I may say,

"I could find never man but one,
Which could teach me the secrets of our stone,"

"But who was he?" exclaimed Prince Henry.

"He was a priest in the close of Salistury,
God rest his soul in heaven full merrie."

answered the astrologer, with all the devotion of a Catholic.

The astrologer, without offering to require of the Prince the signature of his

name in the album, set a horoscope scheme of his nativity, reckoning exactly from the day and hour in February, 1594, when the Prince was born at Stirling Castle in Scotland ; but the calculations and judgments being unfavourable to the Prince in his nineteenth year, Forman boggled and pretended that it would be necessary to divine the scheme at night, alleging, as a farther excuse, the mishap of his setting glass. He gave the Prince, however, the following advice :

“ Beware, your grace, of swimming in the evening after a full supper, ride not violently in the heat of summer, at the sports of balloon and tennis, let not your royal highness’s body cool in a wet shirt, beware your cook is not changed, and let whoever offers you strong waters, cordials, diaphoretic and quintessential spirits, drink before you.”

“ Thy caution is good, and savours

more of reason than thy jargons;" replied the Prince, "now for thy alchymical house."

Forman accordingly conducted them thither, and performed a number of amusing experiments, all of which shewed with what amazing labour he had interrogated nature. But that which most astonished Prince Henry, was a large bladder or oiled silk bag, having a tube attached to it of three-fourths of an inch in diameter. When the Prince, by Forman's direction, had expelled the common air from his lungs, the artist put the tube rapidly into his royal highness's mouth, Philip Herbert holding the nostrils of the Prince of Wales quite close with his fore finger and thumb; the Prince, by Forman's directions, then breathed backwards and forwards into the bag for a few minutes, and experienced the most pleasurable sensations. He found his body excited to

action, the faculties of his mind roused in an extraordinary degree, inducing a state of great exhilaration, an irresistible propensity to laughter, a rapid flow of ideas, and unusual vigour and fitness for muscular action, in some respects resembling the sensations attendant upon intoxication, without any langour, depression of spirits, or disagreeable feelings afterwards.

Delighted with the artist's power over nature and the animal frame, the Prince eagerly solicited to know the manner in which he had performed this conjuration, but Forman would on no account disclose the mystery ; he, however, assured the Prince there was nothing to be feared from the experiment, and to vouch for his words went through the same process himself. He then shewed other experiments, which in the language of the times were called "conjurations."

Among the other exhibitions of the

artist, he produced a colourless solution that dyed human hair black, whether it were originally fair, brown, or red, and which if used as an ink to write on fine Holland's cloth, became indelible though washed with soap, or boiled in water. He then produced a small phial containing a white liquid, bright as the moon, and which ran in small globules when poured into a solution in another bottle. While the artist thus operated, he repeated certain cabalistical words, and there arose in the bottle in the most wonderful manner, a vegetable appearance, resembling the loveliest tree in miniature, frosted with silver.

Highly delighted with Forman's art, the Prince took his leave, but not, however, before Philip Herbert had learned from Trunco the business upon which the Countess of Essex and Mistress Turner had visited the Israelite. And this indeed was the most important informa-

tion the visitors gained. It was that on which they could both speculate as liberally as the artist could on the transmutation of metals, the combinations, or the disengaging of permanently elastic fluids, to arrive at an universal medicine, which should cure every disease, and give immortality to embodied man.

CHAP. III.

— I blame him not; at my nativity
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning crosses; know, that at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

Hots. So it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH.

With the determination of executing
the purpose on which her heart was
bent, the Countess of Essex had no
sooner landed from her barge than she
hastened to her Lord at his town man-
sion, and put in practice the conjurations
and spells of Doctor Forman.

Strange and unaccountable as this ab-
surdity may appear, astrology was the

favourite panacea with ladies in her condition at the period we write of. So highly indeed was it valued in France, that from the time of Queen Catherine de Medici, the most inconsiderable thing was not done without consulting the stars. And in the reigns of Henry III. and Henry IV. of France, the predictions of judicial astrologers were the common theme of the court conversation.

Among the nobility of England, the foretelling of moral events, that is, such as have a dependency on the free will and agency of man, as if they were directed by the stars, obtained so much vogue that the heavens were daily and nightly consulted by lords and ladies, as a great volume wherein the Deity had written the history of the world, and in which every individual might read his own fortune and the transactions of his own times.

In the paths and periods of the heavenly bodies, the astrologers pretended to trace a constant and settled relation or analogy between them and things below ; and the nobles of the land believed these to be the *parcæ*, or destinies, so much talked of in ancient times as presiding at our birth, and disposing of our future fate.

The laws, therefore, of this relation being ascertained by a series of observations, and the share each planet has therein ; by knowing the precise time of any person's nativity, the astrologers were enabled from their knowledge in astronomy, to erect a scheme or horoscope of the situation of the planets at that point of time ; and hence, by considering their degrees of power and influence, and how each was either strengthened or tempered by some other, to compute what must be the result there ;

of. Added to these, some of the astrologers dwelt peculiarly, in their calculations or solutions, upon Plato's harmonic movements of the planets—a harmony which they supposed to result from their relative distances and magnitudes.

The flight of birds, of insects, the moving of waters, every object in motion produces some vibrative sound ; and the astrologers of the seventeenth century, adopting the ideas of Archytas, Pythagoras, and Plato of old, conceived it to be impossible that bodies so large as Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and the Moon should move their giant courses without some sensible repercussions.

But the astrologers did not go the lengths of Pythagoras's disciples, who asserted their master heard “ the stars move in their course rejoicing,” as the Hebrew writings express it ; yet Shakspeare, (borrowing from the following passage in Euripides : “ Thee I invoke, thou

self-created Being, who gave birth to Nature, and whom light, and darkness, and the whole train of globes and planets, encircle with eternal music,") makes Lorenzo accost Jessica as if listening to these ethereal symphonies:—

" How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

• This the reader will say belongs to Lorenzo's order to Stephano to bring music into the garden; allowed, but what follows shows evidently that the immortal bard believed in the harmony of the spheres :—

" Sit, Jessica ; look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in its motion, like an angel, sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim."

In the general belief entertained in astrology, during the reign of the first James of England, the universe was considered as being compounded of a multitude of bodies, which the believers in the mysticism of Forman called notes; and, as harmony necessarily implies contrast, they were glad to escape from this world, which they considered one of the discords, to wrap themselves in all the enjoyment of conjecture, amidst the gems of the galaxy and the intricate movements of Mars, the Moon, and the Asteroids.

But how delightful soever it might seem in imagination to listen to the seraphic notes of the planetary gamut, to drink these notes as the dews of every orbit, to hear them pass the frontiers of the solar influence, and imagine them penetrating unlimited regions of space, rolling from one system to another, each mingling its harmony with that of the

others, and shedding volumes of sound, more rich and more delightful to the heart than the powers of fancy can conceive, the whole theory vanished with the discoveries of Kepler, like the last remnants of night when the sun rises in unclouded majesty on the world, to revive, and cherish, and fructify its animals, plants, and seeds.

Furnished with certain charms which were designed to influence the hatred of her lord, Lady Frances used all her arts to render them effectual. Her first project was to mix a certain powder with his sugar-bread and codinats of the dessert, on which Essex usually feasted largely, after he had well eaten of meat roasted in perfection, and of sound pudding right homely basted with butter, and made of ripe plums and damsons. She then threw some rare spiceries that Forman gave her into her lord's cup as the butler poured into it strong Greek wine, for

the ordinary French and Spanish wines were neither pleasurable nor potent enough to the young earl. And when he drank frontignac, canary, high country, or tent wine, at his jovial suppers, the Countess invariably added one of Forman's powders.

These repeated doses she fancied alienated her lord's mind from her ; and in the same degree she fancied the exhibition of the magical ring won the love of Rochester, in whose company she daily passed some portion of her time, and whose nerves she believed to be influenced by the essence of the Hebrew juggler. Finding, however, that all her arts failed to excite Essex's disgust of her, she hastened to Mistress Turner's, and sent her to Forman that he might again practise his sorceries and enchantments.

It happened that the evil courses of the Countess were at this time divulged

to the Earl, and their disclosure brought down upon her devoted head some sharp rebukes, of which she augured favourably. The Earl complained of her conduct to the Earl of Northampton, alleging that the Countess denied him the dues of marriage, and that he was therefore disgusted by her coldness and want of attachment to his person.

The Countess having been taken to task by her mother on this score, justified herself, declaring the Earl had left her to her own inclination ; that he was both hateful and loathsome to her, nor would she ever rest till she was separated from him. The only mode of accomplishing this, appeared to the Countess to be by means of Turner and Forman's assistance. She therefore wrote to her coadjutor :

“Sweet Turner, as thou hast been hitherto, so art thou now all my hopes of good in this world ; my lord is as lusty as

ever he was, and hath complained to my brother of my coldness. This makes me mad, since of all men I loathe him, because he is the only object and hinderance, that I shall ever enjoy him whom I love."

And, with this epistle Turner hastened to Forman, who framed two pictures of wax, and made a couple of silver crosses and some other fooleries to complete the conjurations. With these Mistress Turner repaired to the Countess, and delivered them to her with the wise man's instructions how to use them.

But the Earl of Essex was now going down to Chartley, and he insisted that the Countess should accompany him ; for though he had no reason to doubt the reports which were daily brought him, he was unwilling his lady should be the public topic of conversation ; and therefore he carried her into the country.

Stung by the reproof of her Lord, conscious that his protestations of constancy were well founded, burning with desire to return to Rochester, growing jealous of the Viscount's affections, and fearing all her labour would be lost, she wrote to Forman :

“ Sweet Father,

“ Although I have found you ready at all times to further me, yet I must still crave your help ; wherefore I beseech you to remember that you keep the doors close, and that you still retain the Lord with me, and his affections towards me ; I have no cause but to be confident in you : although the world be against me, yet heaven fails me not ; many are the troubles I sustain, the doggedness of my Lord, the crossness of mine enemies, and the subversion of my fortune, unless you, by your wisdom, deliver me out of the midst of this wilderness, which I entreat

for God's sake. Your affectionate loving daughter,

“Frances Essex.”

“From Chartley.”

Will it be believed that this is not romance, but real life? That Forman on the receipt of this letter proceeded with all the zeal of an alchymist to enchant a nutmeg, which Coppinger received to grind down among the spice-ries that Rochester used; and to communicate to a letter the hidden virtues of necromancy, so that when the Viscount read he might be fascinated by the words of the Countess!

After spending some months at Chartley in that true matrimonial discord which was in unison with the earth's discord in the planetary gamut, the Countess left her lord and drove up to London to enjoy in wanton familiarities the leisure hours of her “Dear Rochester,” who was now the first favourite in the

court of James, and also one of his prime ministers ! But it was necessary also to render Essex as insensible to the charms of love, as he was injured by his Countess ; and this was achieved in the following very simple manner.

The Viscount and the Lady Frances crossed the Thames on a fine moonlight night and entered Forman's cottage just as the astrologer had completed his calculations. The horoscope boded ill to Essex, good to Rochester had already been predicted, and as a part of the scheme indicated frigidity, a picture of wax was framed, a thorn was plucked from a neighbouring bush on which the leaves were yet green, and this thorn was stuck into the body of the wax figure, and the whole was submitted to a curious test in the alchymist's work shop. The wax sustained its power and remained insoluble in a

liquid which dissolved a piece of rosin and some camphor.

The charm was not yet complete ; however, as the artist continued to repeat some cabalistical sentences while he poured from one glass vessel into another a curious and subtle fluid that resembled a bluish smoke ; and as some bubbles of this strange fluid escaped into the atmosphere, they became instantly inflamed with a slight explosion, at the same time a beautiful dense white circular ring of smoke arose and gradually enlarged as it ascended.

The artist then put a portion of some white substance resembling lime, and about half the same quantity of a brownish matter into a deep glass, which he filled with water. He then plunged a long necked glass funnel into the vessel, putting it down to the bottom. Into this funnel he poured some liquid, and in a few seconds, flashes

of fire, having a green colour, were seen to issue from the bottom of the vessel and in the water. His next experiment was with a ribbon, which by merely suspending it in the jar containing the inflammable fluid, became gilded all over, except in two places where it displayed an Earl's coronet surmounting the arms of Rochester, and a Countess's surmounting those of Essex in a sable hatchment. This the artist explained as betokening the separation of the Earl and Countess of Essex; and with another ribbon, which appeared only to have its natural white colour, he experimented in the jar a second time, and exhibited the nuptials of an Earl and Countess, the bride being given away by a king, and the bridegroom kneeling on a cushion that was finely sewed with a map of lands, parks, deer, houses, and a long retinue of servants and dependents.

When Forman had completed this

chef d'œuvre of his art, he put his finger on his lip to impose silence on his customers, and leading them to the door of his laboratory, closed them out from all his apparatus.

Leaving Lambeth, the Viscount and the Lady Frances repaired to their barge, which was drawn up at Vauxhall to elude discovery, and charmed with the mysteries of the astrologer, whom they fancied had completed their happiness, they gave vent to their feelings in the language of joy and rapturous congratulation. On their arrival at Mistress Turner's dwelling, the dialogue was maintained thus, notwithstanding all the astrologer's predictions :—

“ Oh ! my Rochester, mio caro ! oh ! that I had never seen the brute, my husband,” said the Countess, “ but how can I get rid of him ? Would to heaven that the poignard or the bowl had honoured him with an exit from this world

before he quitted Italy. But what is to be done—will you not, dearest Rochester, speak to the king for a divorce? he will refuse you nothing.”

“ I will instantly to the king, and if his Majesty be in the humour, mayhap you’ll succeed, my love, said Rochester.”

“ Oh! fly,” said Lady Frances, “ but it must not be a wild-goose chase;—on what grounds shall we move his majesty for a separation?”

“ Nay, dearest love, there I am unable to give advice. The king hath boggled so much at the nullity between Lord Rich and his fair lady, though by mutual consent; and because the Earl of Devonshire has married her whilst Lord Rich yet lives, the king is mightily displeased thereat, and told him in my hearing ‘ My Lord Earl, you have purchased a fair woman with a black soul.’ ”

“ Our cases are different, my Lord,” replied the Countess, “ this Sir Charles Blunt, or if you will, Lord Montjoy, and Earl of Devonshire, this noble that fought a duel with Essex’s father, on account of having been graced with a favour by Queen Elizabeth; this Blunt the world is weary of, and the king too. I’ll libel Essex upon another ground than that Lady Rich encountered her Lord upon.

“ Indeed !” exclaimed Rochester, “ how ?”

“ How !” repeated the Lady Frances, “ I will even tell the king my marriage with Essex hath never been consummated, and I cannot, therefore, be deemed his wife. A separation and divorce, gracious powers! Let his majesty judge if he can of the Lady Frances Essex’s viripotency,” exclaimed the Countess, “ let men skilled in the civil law be but satisfied with this judicial statement of my

lord's incapacity, and then that we may open the way to a new marriage and alliance with my beloved Rochester ! but stay, fly not yet"—

"Already, sweet Frankey," ejaculated Rochester, "already have we indulged ourselves in all the gratifications of love ; but we are unhappy because the tie between us is not indissoluble."

"That's the chord on which all my passion vibrates," rejoined the Countess, "we seem to be equally impatient to crown our attachment with the sanction of the church."

"I'll to the king," exclaimed Rochester.

"Nay, stay," said the Countess, "I have that to guard you against which much concerns us both ; have you no fears of any opposition ?—none from that proud churchman of Canterbury ?—none from my Lord of London ?—and of all

men, none from your bosom friend Overbury?"

"What! the archbishop stand in my way?—that were indeed to enter the lists with royal James; and my Lord of London oppose the projects of Rochester?—Nay, nay, there is not a mitred sconce in the land will bear up against my power at court," said the haughty favourite, "but if they do, either Canterbury or London, or both united, will be kept to their spiritualities, and no more shall make or meddle with the temporal affairs of Britain. And as for Overbury, why look ye, Frankey, 'twas but the other day, as 'twere, I got him knighted; no, no, I'll twine him round all my projects, as I would this thread round my finger; and in all that I'll purpose, he'll echo, why not?"

"Well, be it as you will, sweet Rochester;" rejoined the Countess, "but had not I better haste to Chartley, and

spur on my brutish husband to beseech the king to part us? Let him once say 'yes,' I'll bruit his consent, and soon as it gains the public ear, tongues framed for scandal will proclaim the monster's cruelty, till every heart that beats for woman's weakness, join in execration of a barbarous husband's gothic spite."

"And I'll to Whitehall, where perchance I may meet Overbury, whom though least of those I dread, must first be won, for on his aid I must depend, I'd almost said in toto, to achieve this glorious work," said Rochester, hiding with what grace he could the actual fear he felt lest Overbury might become a stumbling block to the accomplishment of the iniquitous project he had meditated.

CHAP. IV.

This is some fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness ; and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth ;
And they will take it, so ; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this
plainness
Harbour more craft, and far corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly, ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely. KING LEAR.

ROCHESTER accordingly entered his barge,
and was rowed up the river to Whitehall,
where he landed, and forthwith repaired
to meet some of the other courtiers. He
had two things to do, but which to do
first puzzled him extremely. With that
indifference, however, which the com-

mission of two crimes equally detestable naturally create in a mind panting for fame and the bubble reputation, Rochester threw himself in a chair, and desired his servant to bring Sir Thomas Overbury to him. The servant proceeded to execute his Lord's commands, and in the space of a few minutes the Favourite was waited upon by his best and plainest friend.

"Overbury, said Rochester, " we have been of some service to one another since you studied dry and musty law books in the Temple."

"That by your entertainment I have grown into favour is most true," replied Overbury.

"Of that we'll now say nought," rejoined the Viscount, "whether my favour proceeded from love, or your attachment from the intent of making use of me to glut your revenge on those who aforetime got you into trouble, is

matter of no moment—you feel I've got you in trust with my most secret employments."

"And I've behaved myself honestly and discreetly, I do hope," interrupted Overbury, somewhat sharply, not guessing to what the Viscount's speech tended.

"True, true, Sir Thomas, was the reply of Rochester, "you've purchased by your wise carriage in this place, not only the good affection and favour of your poor friend, Robert Carr, but of others also—you understand my humour better than I do myself—*pares cum paribus facile congregantur*—at once then, Essex and his Countess—"

"Are not going to part," interrupted Overbury.

"But they are," rejoined the Viscount, smiling.

"Then I foresee your ruin, my Lord, and mine, the ruin of the Countess, and

the king's shame—all, all will be implicated in this game—knave that I was to encourage, as I have done, your passion for that noble lady—oh, Rochester, to what are you doomed !”

“ Bethink you, Overbury, and give me better council,” said the Viscount, very coolly, adding, “ we shall all be doomed together, my friend.”

“ Reflect, my Lord, upon the nullity between my Lord Rich and his lady,” continued Overbury, with the same pathetic feeling.

“ I have, so has the Countess; is not the world satisfied when both are of years to expect the blessing of their marriage bed, the Earl of Essex is always observed to avoid the company of ladies, and so much to neglect his own, that to wish a maid into a mischief was to commend her to my Lord of Essex.”

“ I do not believe all I see is real, and I admit as truth but the half of what

the world says," replied Overbury, "and when I perceive what a sweet man Parson Laud is like to be, that the first observable act of his clerical functions was the marrying of the Earl of Devonshire to the Lady Rich, when it was notorious to the world that she had another husband, and the same nobleman who had divers children living by her ; when I look on these things, and with them compare what I hear the king says of this nullity and after-marriage—"

"Look ye, Overbury," interrupted Rochester, "I'll have a conjuror to witch Essex, the king shall believe the Lady Frances' tale, her father and she shall petition ; aye, the Earl of Suffolk, with his daughter Frances, shall petition the king, and the lady shall procure process against the Earl to answer her in a cause of nullity of matrimony ; Essex has grounds, you know Sir Thomas, to doubt the lady Frances, and they do say,

cohabitation and condormition shall prove nothing for him."

"It will be a work of hell, my Lord!"

"Hey day!" exclaimed Rochester, "what can it matter to Sir Thomas Overbury that the Countess of Essex and her Lord separate? Bethink you, my sweet friend, have not I, in making myself, made you? This favour of your poor servant, Robert Carr, has procured you profit, profit treasure, treasure honour, honour larger employments, and, in time, 'twill fetch you better execution."

"That I have felt your favour, my diligence and humility have borne ample testimony, I do believe," said Overbury, laying his hand on his breast at the same time, as if to appeal inwardly for the truth of his words.

"Sweet Overbury!" said Rochester, taking his friend at the same time by the hand, and leading him to a couch to

which he pointed. Overbury sat down immediately, for he made it a rule to do what was befitting the conduct of a gentleman without descending to the frivolous exchange of compliment, when an affectation of humility would show want of good breeding. "Sweet Overbury!" added Rochester, as he seated himself on the couch beside his friend, "Think'st thou I'm such a novice as not to know that where diligence and humility are associated in great affairs, there favour is accompanied with both; your hopes have grown with mine, the same soil fits both, the same dew of the morning refreshes them, the same kindly hand tends them twining round the noble pillar of the land."

"I feel it here," laying his hand on his breast again, was the observation of Overbury, "and 'tis thus I conjecture that many courtiers condescend to grow into great familiarity with us both, since

my noble patron ranks me with himself."

"Enough, enough of this my pilot," interrupted Rochester, "I've shewn the world that one indissoluble bond unites us, and with thee I've nothing secret—promise to hear me patiently—not in any private matter, but what must ere long be talked of in every hamlet of the land—promise now secrecy and to give me good and sweet advice."

"I do, but hope not to find me friendly to aid in separating those whom God hath joined," said the knight.

"Friend or foe, advise me—I'm on my way to the king to broach the dissolution of Essex and his lovely Countess," said Rochester, pressing the hand of Overbury in his, "and I do expect you'll not attempt to thwart her plan—the Earl of Essex doth himself incline to a divorce—his wife cannot live any longer with him—between themselves it is

resolved on. Now promise to lend yourself to this, and all my love heretofore will prove but barely earnest of the reward thou'lt reap when the Lady Frances is Viscountess Rochester."

"My good Lord," said Overbury, "you have propounded much, too much, more than I may answer without time to cogitate. With the intercourse between my Lord of Northampton and your noble self, I do perceive my poor service may not be needed. In all the passages between us, and in all my privacy of your passion for the Countess, you'll bear me witness I've avoided rather than obtruded myself on the knowledge of it."

"Well, well, man, what boots it that you've hoodwinked both your eyes? Will you remain silent, if you speak not favourably in this business, should my Lord of Canterbury come hither, or my Lord of London—only promise not to

be a Thomas-mar-marriage," was the request of Rochester, "and I'm thine in life and death."

"As I do hope that when reason usurps the seat of passion, you will not venture to accomplish that which both time and memory cannot demonstrate in former history, I'll even be neuter for a short space, but never shall I let go the reigns of friendship so loose that the watch-word of Overbury cannot reach your ears, intoxicated as they now are with the buz of adulation."

"Good, my Mentor, good," exclaimed Rochester, "now I'll to the king."

"Good heavens!" uttered Overbury, as the Favourite quitted the gallery, "Now these good parts, which seemed heretofore hopeful in the Viscount, consume to cinders, and his corruption alone will remain to brand him on the forehead. His modesty becomes eclipsed, his behaviour light, his carriage un-

seemly in his place ; nothing so costly, no tyre so uncouth, but at all costs and charges he obtains it for the increase of favour ; new fashions are produced, that so he may shew more beautiful and fair, and that his favour and personage may be made more manifest to the world ; and for this purpose, yellow bands, dusted hair, curled, crisped, frizzled, sleeked skins, open breasts beyond accustomed modesty, and many other inordinate attires are worn on both sides—but he is useful to me, and I shall use him even to his own discredit, if he persist in this foolish project, abundantly dishonest even in Italy.”

Overbury on quitting Whitehall was met by Sir Philip Herbert, who besought him to sail up to Hampton Court that afternoon, “ I have great and manifold need of you,” said Herbert, “ the king is out of humour ; the queen lives solitary—she, too, is mightily displeased

about *that* ricketty bantling baby Charles. His father proposes putting the urchin into iron boots to make his legs straight, and old Kettle, our Lord of Rochester's mother-in-law that is to be ; do you take Master Mootman ?—Well, as I was saying, old Kettle and Mother Carey, the baby's nurse, have had a deuce of a battle to persuade Jemie the cure would be worse than the disease. Here's my barge, and now for a cosey cheek by jowl voyage."

There was no resisting Herbert's entreaties, at least Overbury felt no inclination to do so, and he therefore stepped into the barge. On arriving at Hampton Court, Philip Herbert hustled through his orders with amazing garrulity. At length he must see the queen.

"But her majesty is unwell and cannot see you at this time, my Lord of Pembroke," said the Countess of Suffolk.

“ By the blessed sun above, my Lady Countess,” said Herbert, “ but I must see the Queen—I have an especial message for herself.”

“ I’ll tell her Majesty you crave an audience,” said the Countess.

“ Ay do,” replied Herbert, “ and say also I’ve brought the cordial, sweet and good.”

“ Damn that old brass kettle,” quoth Philip, as the lady disappeared, “ she’s got her neck in the withers, and pulls away as stoutly as any probationer for Tyburn with his witcher tilter.”

“ *Besogno fa trotar la vecchia,*” said Overbury.

“ Hush ! though she bestirs her stumps, and one of them’s even now in the grave,” replied Herbert, “ I know of no necessity she has to be so bluff with me. But every dog has his day—I’ll play on her by and bye as you’d on a posaune, or your sachut, or jolly brass trumpet.

He that would live at peace and rest,
Must hear and see, and say the best.

But here she comes ; now let us prim our visages, and may our feet keep time to her antique pavan."

" My Lord of Pembroke you may enter—her grace will see you,—you Master Overbury may tarry."

" Aye, by the rood, Sir Thomas," said Herbert, " you can beat the devil's tattoo along the pallier while I'm absent," and without waiting for an answer, the Earl of Pembroke followed the Countess of Suffolk into Queen Anne's cabinet.

Her Majesty was seated in a chair by the fire, for the air was chilly and cold ; by her side sat Prince Charles, who on seeing Herbert threw himself down on all fours, and moved along like a crab till he got hold of the Earl's leg, into which he stuck a pin with all the agility of juvenile mischief.

“God’s death!” exclaimed Herbert, lifting his leg and rubbing the place affected, while the mischievous being who had caused him pain rolled round on his breach and laughed most heartily.

“Ha, ha, have ye b,b,b, brought the c,c,c,c,ordial for m,m,mammy?” asked the young Prince, who was very deficient in speech considering his age.

“Yes, your grace,” replied Herbert, and he drew from his pouch a couple of small bottles, “these your Grace,” he continued, “I got from Raleigh’s own hands in the Tower this blessed day—its the true balm of Gilead, and he’s thatched the cork wi’ his ain wax, and sealed it wi’ his Elizabeth ring.”

“And how am I take to Sir Walter’s cordial?” asked the Queen.

“By the lord, madam, you may as well ask me to describe the seven wonders of the world,” answered Herbert, “but here are written directions sealed

up to—for when the knight began to deal out his orders I found as many words as would fill a bushel, so to make security sure, I took him by the shoulders, clapped him down in his chair, stuck the pen in his fist, and bade him butter his parsnips to his own liking.”

“Commend us to Raleigh,” said the Queen, “and express our thanks for these medicinals.”

Herbert bowed, asked her Majesty if she had any commands to town, and receiving an answer in the negative, kissed hands, took his leave, and returned to the stair head, where to his surprise he missed Overbury. Descending, however, into the court, he found him engaged in conversation with the Duke of Sully, the French ambassador, who had gone to take leave of Prince Henry and her Majesty. The conversation of Overbury and the illustrious Sully turned on the great armament which Henry the Fourth was

then preparing ; but when Philip Herbert joined them, the Duke broke it off on pretence of seeing the Prince forthwith. Herbert needed no invitation to follow Sully, and Overbury as a matter of course accompanied his friend ; the ambassador learned the Prince had gone to his usual exercise of the pike in the riding house, and thither he followed his royal Highness in the true spirit of a courtier. Prince Henry received Sully graciously, spoke familiarly with Herbert, and hoped a time would come when he should be better acquainted with Sir Thomas Overbury.

Sully now presented to the young Prince of Wales the gifts with which he had been entrusted by his master, Henry IV. of France. These consisted of a golden lance, and helmet, enriched with diamonds, a fencing master, and a vaulter, for which the Prince made a suitable acknowledgement.

After some desultory conversation Sully took leave, and asked his Grace's commands for his master Henry IV.

"Tell your king," said the Prince of Wales, "in what occupation you left me engaged."

Sully bowed, more struck with the reply than with any thing he had met with during his residence in England. And upon the mind of Overbury the answer of the Prince made a powerful impression; for Henry was now in his eighteenth year, and though it was well known that business and ambition alone engaged his heart, the speech he had just made showed his disposition would lead him to promote the glory more than the happiness of his people.

CHAP. V.

————— I beseech you
 Wrest once the laws to your authority ;
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ROCHESTER, on quitting his friend Overbury, tripped lightly along the Mall to St. James's. This public and royal promenade obtained its name from *Palle Maille*, a game which was wont to be played there by the courtiers of other times. But the Mall itself was a mere alley, at either end of which stood a high arch of iron, through which a round bowl was struck with a mallet.

St. James's palace was at the period of which we write a place of great im-

portance, from the circumstance of the reigning monarch not holding his court where his predecessor died ; and till this time the royal residence at the end of the Mall was called simply the "hospital." Though now greatly dilapidated, and partly destroyed by fire, St. James's consisted in days of yore of a stately pile of red brick buildings ; but its altitude is now much diminished by the erection of a tavern that disfigures the royal residence. Still the "hospital" is a stately pile of buildings, though in the front next to St. James's-street little more than an old gate house appears. Within, however, a spacious court is seen, flanked on the western side by a piazza leading to the grand stair-case ; on the eastern side a range of buildings appear which were formerly entered by a tower or well-staircase. These apartments were allotted to Prince Henry ; the front range lords of the court occu-

plied; the southern quadrangle containing the state apartments, which King James considered his own, but Whitehall was his favourite palace, and it continued a royal residence till it was consumed in 1695.

The gardens in the rear were fresh from the hands of Le Notre, who had laid them out, and also Greenwich Park for Elizabeth. But these gardens have always been destitute of picturesque beauty, and exist to our own times as vegetating monuments of the bad taste of the age that could dispense with the romantic views of pleasure gardens which Monsieur Le Notre might have derived from nature.

The King was engaged in debate when the Favourite entered, with some Scottish clergymen, on the subject of establishing bishops among the pastors of the Presbyterian church. But this is a topic with which it would be out of

place to enter upon here, especially since the publication of the Rev. Dr. M'Crie's meritorious "Biography of Andrew Melville." The patience of Rochester was nearly exhausted, when the King broke up the conference by commanding the Scottish delegates, and Andrew Melville in particular, to attend the Chapel Royal on Michaelmas Day, when they would see how far the magnificence of the real Episcopal worship excelled the Presbyterian—The delegates, of course made no reply to this order, and the Favourite was compelled to use all his address to bring the King into good humour before he could touch upon his own particular case. At length, however, the Viscount found he had cozened his Majesty into a fit humour for introducing the subject on which he purposed to speak. The King listened with deep attention to Rochester's discourse, and during its delivery several

times adjusted his mustachios and stroked his coarse beard.

“ But is the Earl himself inclined ? ” asked James : “ I never knew any thing but good in the young nobleman, he having been bred with my son Henry and served him—And truly I have heard sic story as this frae other folks. The intendment of those who contract matrimony is to receive satisfaction ; but if this nobleman and his lady enjoy not marital rights, he doth unto her a very great injustice to retain her as his wife. But before the separation taketh place, it must appear unto the church that there is good ground for the divorce ; and how will that stickler, Archbishop Abbott, consent ? He will admit no light surmises or questionable suggestions ; but he will bore us upon evident declarations and proofs, which must give full contentment to the conscience. Howbeit, Rochester, we shall perform

a great part of cruelty towards the Lady Frances, if we free her not from this burden and yoke."

"My liege," said Rochester, presuming on the artifices of the Countess, "the Earl is inclined; I understand he means to importune your Royal Majesty to dissolve this marriage."

"I opine we must go cautiously if we would walk surely in this cause," replied James;—"and to avoid stirring up an implacable hatred in the party declared incapable, we must go legally into the business."

"The nullity will rest with the ecclesiastical court, your majesty," said Rochester.

"But may not the common lawyers be unanimously of opinion," asked the King, "that the church in pronouncing the nullity may be deceived in the very ground upon which

it rests its authority and proceeds in the business, that the sentence may be void?"

"We must then mix the bishops with the judges and the lords of commission," answered Rochester—"And when we have"—James fidgeted, Rochester understood it, and went on to say, "Pardon me, your Majesty, your grace will combine the bishops, judges, and lords of commission, men skilled in ecclesiastical and civil law—the solemnity of the proceedings, the petitions of the parties, the interrogatories, and all the pomp of compurgators, will so colour and gloss the proceeding, that the world cannot but admit the justice of your grace's intentions, and the legality of the nullity."

James shook his head; Rochester used some other arguments which we forbear to notice in our narrative, and the King sensibly gave way to the project of his Favourite, saying:

"But to speak with that plainness

which becometh one of my quality, I think the Lady Frances and my dear Bob Rochester intend to make a match of it, provided always they can effect this separation."

"I confess, my liege, that the Countess is a charming creature; one whom I could ever be blest with, and she, I believe, cannot be happy in the mere enjoyment of my company."

"Tut man! I ken it a' fu' weel,"—rejoined the King, who in his familiar phraseology in good humour, or in his choleric language of passion, almost always used a mixture of the Scottish and English dialects—"I ken fu' weel you and Frankey are aft sae cosie—ha! ha! ha!—Bob—tak tent, she's a kittle limmer."

"Your Majesty is pleased to be facetious," said Rochester. "Shall I summon into your royal presence such of your privy councillors and liege canonists as may wish well to this nullity?"

“Go, Bob, do so,” said the King—
“But I think we may get rid of Abbott if he be not cleared of the homicide.”

“There,” said the supple Favorite, “there your majesty is i’ the right. Shall I call in Sir Daniel Dun, and some learned lawyers to speak on his capability?”

“Aye, aye, dosae,” said James, “In the multitude of councillors there is wisdom, suffragia among wise men are as well appendenda and ponderenda as numerenda. Let me have Dan Dun, the Bishops of Winton and Ely, my Lord of London and yourself, with the Lord Treasurer; I’ll not be present, but do ye sift them and bring me report forthwith.”

Rochester kissed the king’s hand, made his obeysance and departed; but on quitting St. James’s he met with Lord Northampton, uncle to the Countess of Essex, in the stable yard, at this period

a mean place, crowded with paltry buildings.

"Give you good morrow, my Lord of Rochester," said Northampton, "how does his Highness to day, for, from your exit, I guess you have had an audience?"

"So please your Lordship, the audience which the secretaryship bestows upon your poor servant, I have just had with his Majesty," was the reply of the Viscount.

"My Lord of Rochester," said Northampton, with all the grace of an old courtier, "you've heard, I reckon that at the Regent House they have propounded me to be the Chancellor of Cambridge. But I've on the instant heard the scholars fall into divers opinions, and the Ramists propound Prince Henry to oppose me."

"In that case, dear honoured Lord," said Rochester, "suffer a junior to advise

you—Can my poor services secure you the Chancellorship?—Then, pray command them, and take my word for't, the election passes in your favour. Said you, Prince Henry would oppose you?"

"I did my sweet Lord; and how can I take precedence of the Prince? That were indeed assuming much," said Lord Northampton.

"Nay, I say not, you're to take precedence—I'll pledge myself you're chosen chancellor; but then you must refuse it; think of our late brawl with Harry; there's ground for your refusal.—The Prince will call this conduct duty, and be pleased you strive not to supplant him," said the subtle Viscount; "meanwhile the scholars must be flattered; I'll make the King acquainted with the whole affair—you, on your part, though willing to undertake the chair, will shew an unwillingness; this his Highness will approve, and in consideration of your age and knowledge, experience

and ability, he will urge you to it—Nay, if he do not force you to accept it involuntarily, call me no longer your obedient and devoted Rochester.”

“ This suits exactly with my notions of the place,” was the language of Northampton ; “ for I should, even in the prospect of success, unaided by my sweet Lord of Rochester’s most powerful interest, rather in my passages upon this score oppose the Prince in order to perceive whether the scholars’ affections were settled upon love and respect unto myself, or whether they elect me merely out of attachment to my rank and influence with his Highness.”

“ I’ve hit upon the test to try these unfledged, or if you will, these grey beard politicians—I’ll even move his Highness to write on your behalf to the Vice-chancellor ; and that it may be the more acceptable, the King shall write in Latin.

—Nothing but intollerable flattery will do with these pedants,” said the artful but illiterate Rochester.

“ Sweetest of my sweets,” quoth the other, who knew that Rochester could endure more flattery than the pedant King or the vice chancellor either, “ how can I best repay your zeal, or serve you by my family ?”

“ Ah ! there,” sighed Rochester, “ that last word asks a thousand questions. Could my poor ability to serve my Lord of Northampton measure, within a day’s journey, his power to serve one, in whose happiness I’ve pledged myself to take a deeper interest than your boasted but yet sympathising humanity ere took in mortals, I would count myself more blest than any subject of this fair land.”

“ Dear Rochester, I understand you, you raise your bearing above its wonted course ; you are privy then to these

wretched discontents which rend the noble House of Suffolk?"

The Viscount bowed assent, and his noble friend went on thus.—“My niece, the Lady Frances, has just been with me, and in broken speech she whispered her distress. Howbeit, I must myself steer clear of family disputes; nevertheless, dear Rochester, the lady Frances more admires your worth than woman can applaud the actions of him who shares her smiles. And, by my troth, in these times there hath grown a kind of community between you and her; the intercourse of speech receives the confirmation of internal acquaintance, expressed in the look, the eye, and the actions outwardly.”

How far my Lord of Northampton would have proceeded, Rochester could not foresee, but apprehending his noble friend had some other favour to ask, he resolved to keep aloof from what was

directly personal, and to fix the Lord's attention on the circumstance already adverted to concerning the lady Frances.

And, on the other hand, Northampton, who knew well that the present was the time to make use of the Favourite, had taken the hint, from Rochester's gazing at the passing cloud, to cut his discourse short. He was at this time no great actor in state affairs, but he coveted the Chancellorship at Cambridge, and he knew well that this young man, now in the height of his glory, could assist him.

Rochester, on his part, who knew that Northampton would be partly, if not wholly dependent on him for the Chancellorship, determined to play a deep game with the old courtier, he therefore came point blank to the business upon which he had just been seeing the King.

“ My Lord of Northampton,” said

Rochester, when his friend's voice fell, "much as I and all the court admire the youthful Countess of Essex, my zeal to serve her owes its origin to the common motive every Briton is actuated by when loveliness and female destitution claim his ready and disinterested protection."

"To be plain with you," continued Northampton, in his usual poetic style, "the Lady Frances hath in grief of heart acquainted me with her affection towards the Viscount Rochester, and on her knees, her upraised eyes bedimmed with tears, besought me I would further her suit rather than dissuade her from the aim she drives at.—I, on my part, tried to give her honest and due counsel, to be dutiful to her husband as was befitting. She, hearing this, flung from me and declared she would not leave the Charter-house, till I, in junction with her Lord of Rochester, and the Earl of Suffolk, her father, had obtained the

King's consent unto a separation from the brutal Essex.—Wherefore, gentle Rochester, our cause is one, and on its issue doth depend the happiness of beings whom I hold dear as the children of fond parent were ever held—She bade me tell you further, that to-night she will expect you at her noble father's in the Charter House—Time speeds, so fare you well."

"At the Charter House, my Lord, I'll call; till next we meet, adieu!"

The Charter House was at this time the mansion of Thomas Earl of Suffolk, though some years afterwards Sutton, the bachelor, made a purchase of this princely residence, converting it into an alms-house, and out of a pious mind endowing the same with above three thousand pounds of yearly rent in those days.

CHAPTER VI.

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.
Great men may jest with saints, 'tis wit in them ;
But in the less, foul profanation.
That in the captain 's but a choleric word
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

THE Earl of Essex, imbued with the prejudice of his age, desired as much as his Countess to dive into futurity, and learn the destiny which awaited him. He also had heard of the sage Israelite in Lambeth, and in order to discover the practices of his Countess upon him, for he supposed she had bewitched him, he consulted with the Lord Sanquhar, and his more particular friend Sir Edward Sackville, on the probability of

learning some secrets from Doctor Forman.

Lord Sanquhar smiled at the plan of his noble friend, but had no objection to accompany Essex to the Astrologer's. Sir Edward Sackville expressed himself satisfied that the Earl was wrong, assigning as his reason that Forman had foretold of him what had not happened, and never would come to pass.—Determined, however, to satisfy his own mind, the Earl of Essex ordered his bargemen to their oars, and was rowed from Essex stairs, adjoining the outer Temple garden, to the landing place on the west side of Lambeth Palace.

On arriving at the Astrologer's abode, the Earl was required to go through the same ceremony his Countess had passed through. His name was regularly entered in the Album, and the object of his visit as distinctly specified—namely, “whether he should continue the hus-

band of the Lady Frances and be happy with her in all the rites of the marital compact, or whether, if he sued the King for a divorce, the Royal assent might be expected, and the nullity would actually take place."

"Father," quoth the Earl, "I come to try Fortune, that fickle goddess, who does good to some, and who persecutes others ; be she blind and inconstant, without any determination in all she does, let me now see her beckoning me to follow her steps in the pursuit I meditate, or turning away her head and disowning and rejecting me for seeking to tempt my lot by change."

Forman, while the Earl spoke, brought from a cabinet one image of Fortune furnished with wings, and standing by a wheel ; another figure he produced of the same fabled being standing on a wheel, having her eyes hoodwinked with a bandage ; a third with a cornucopia

in one hand and the helm of a ship in the other; a fourth that had a globe before her feet, with a sceptre in one hand, and holding a cornucopia in the other.

He next produced his parchments of the celestial houses, tablets, and mathematical instruments;—and while he was setting the horoscope scheme agreeably to the data which Essex had furnished him with, as to his birth and some other matters of preliminary importance, the Earl would now examine the wax figures of Fortune, which the artist had marshalled;—these he perceived were pairs, being virile as well as muliebrian objects; and he inferred much from the astrologer's method of proceeding.

When Forman had arranged all his materials, made his calculations and drawn his judgments, he pointed with his delicate ivory wand to the wax figures respectively, and signified that “sorrow attended change, though the

chance of happiness made it sometimes both desirable and necessary ;—little as thou valuest the gifts of Venus, she will crown thee with a venter in thy second love, but not till thou hast adventured all things for a distressed lady :—then Mars will thee employ.—When bishops war, thou’lt all thy thoughts employ in martial feats.—But great then as thou wilt be, the defects men shall charge on thee will add to thy lustre ; and when the words of the prophetic Israelite are fulfilled, thou’lt die in peace an immortal heir of Essex’s name.”

The Earl was pleased with this far-rago of fortune, and then besought the artist “ would do him an incantation to witch the woman he disliked most.”

“ Is she faithless or virtuous to her Lord,” demanded the Astrologer ?

“ She was born on such a day, in such an hour, of such a year, and her birth-

place is situate in such a latitude," replied the Earl; "divine the aspect of the heavens at that period, and tell me whether she jades or mothers it; wilt thou, ancient man, divine me this?"

Forman promised obedience to the wishes of the Earl; but excused himself on the present for lack of his setting glass, which could only be replaced by an artist in Leadenhall Street; yet as this would require time, he proposed the Earl would condescend to visit him again, when he would accomplish the whole to the satisfaction of his own mind, and that of the inquirer into fate. The effect of Forman's speculations upon the mind of the young Earl of Essex was, that he resolved to wait on the King at Whitehall, and solicit his Majesty to allow a divorce to pass between him and the Lady Frances. On the following day, therefore, he came to the palace to demand an audience with his Majesty.—As the Earl entered the

withdrawing room, he found Phillip Herbert in high altercation with Lord Sanquhar, who it appeared had just been rumped by the King for his having suffered Henry IV. to allude to his Majesty as, "David the fidler's son," without resenting, in his sovereign's name, an insult thus unworthily offered to the first magistrate of Britain.

"My Lord of Sanquhar," said James, "how came you to suffer the Frenchman to put sic an affront on a legitimate monarch, and your natural born prince?"

"Your Grace," replied Sanquhar, "has the means and the liberty to ask that question at Henry Quatre yourself."

"And are these your points and bearings in our presence, Lord Sanquhar? but I wonder we could expect ought mair frae a Crichton, that could pouch wi' sae guid a grace Henry Quatre's inquiry about your tither ee."

“ Your Highness has now discharged me of ever questioning the French King ; and I shall find the means to avenge my own wrongs, though your Grace may not peril this action in wiping away the stain cast on the memory of Mary Stuart.”—And as the haughty baron pronounced the name of that much injured princess, he bowed to her son, and was about to say a few words more, when James turned his back upon him, calling aloud upon Herbert that “ he would be alone.”

When the Earl of Essex entered, Herbert was in the act, in virtue of his office, which allowed considerable latitude of rudeness, of turning Lord Sanquhar out of the withdrawing room.

“ How now my Lord Sanquhar ? How is this my Lord Earl of Montgomery ?” inquired the Earl of Essex hastily, anxious to interfere and prevent a quarrel.

“ The King would be alone,” answered Phillip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery, “ you cannot enter, my Lord of Essex—and now my Lord Sanquhar, your business is done ; so let us have the coast all cleared.—So ho ! there, knaves, guards, poltroons, what make ye lubbering about the royal standard there, and me in the peril of my life ? ”

“ Oh ! my brave Earl,” quoth Sanquhar, “ if your creatures come within reach of my good Damascan blade, I’ll let the light of God’s sun in upon their coward hearts.”

“ Was there ever the like of this seen, my Lords ? ” exclaimed Herbert ; “ but by Becket’s death, he that passes this door walks through my body.”

“ Pluck not thy courage clean up by the roots,” said Sanquhar coolly ; “ keep just enough i’ the cranies of thy white liver to remind thee of John Ramsay,

the bloody daggered Earl of Holdernessé."

" Treason, treason, by all that's good," cried Herbert, " my Lord of Essex, ye hear his speech ; he doubteth the Gowry Conspiracy ; he'll doubt next the gunpowder treason ; the Raleigh treason, and all the treasons."

" Adieu, mon cher Essex, adieu !" said Lord Sanquhar, not deigning to notice what the loyal Earl of Montgomery accused him of doubting ;—but it was convenient for Herbert not to apply to himself the name of that Ramsay who switched him on Croydon Field.

Essex whispered a word in the ear of Lord Sanquhar, squeezed his hand and they parted, the latter scowling out of countenance the guards who dogged him to the exterior gate of the palace, as you leave it by the grand northern entrance from the foot of St. James's Street that now is.

After a little parley with Herbert, the Earl of Essex was "allowed an audience" of the King, and with much feeling and grief he stated to his Majesty the predicament in which he was placed by the irregularities which the world beheld in the conduct of his Countess. The King wore that mask of dissimulation he so well knew how to put on, and agreed with the young Earl that a separation between him and the Lady Frances would be a good thing, provided the reason were sufficient to satisfy the puritanical clergy;—in fact the King bore no good will toward the Earl of Essex at this time, as the young nobleman shewed little inclination to wink at the extravagancies of the royal family, and the wasteful prodigality of the Lords Hay and Rochester, whose expenses alone seemed to exhaust the receipts of the whole treasury; though they lived more by the credit of "I

promise to pay," than by payment in cash.

"But," said James, "belike you are bewitched my lord, in this affair! Hae ye been among the necromancers, wi' their black and unlawfu' science, prophecying by the dead in their divinations?"

"Neither have I in this country or in Germany, but only once, and that with an Astrologer," replied the Earl.

"Now I thought so," added the King, "the necromancers are the devil's masters and commanders, the witches his slaves and vassals; but the astrologers are the true *magi judiciar*, and by their quickness of engine make a conquest of Pluto's dominion, and are become emperors over the stygian habitacles."

"Then your Majesty thinks it is not belonging to *pars fortunæ*?"

"Nae mair than the charms com-

monly used by daft women, for healing of forespoken goods, for preserving them from evil eyes, by knitting rouan trees, or sundriest kind of herbs, to the hair or tail of the goods; by curing the worm, by stemming of blood, by healing of horse crooks, by turning of the riddle, or doing such like innumerable things by words, without applying any thing meet to the part offended, as mediciners do."

"But your Majesty was not wont to class astrology with the witchcraft of Agnis Tompson?"

"Nae mair I was, Essex; albeit this astrology, or preaching about the stars, be of two parts, the one whereof is commendable, as knowing the powers of simples, and sicknesses, and the seasons, being ruled by their influence; but for the judiciar part, which is to trust so much to their influence, as to foretell what commonweals shall flourish or

decay, what persons shall be fortunate or unfortunate, what side shall win in any battle, what man shall obtain any single combat, what way and of what age shall men die, what horse shall win a running match—and divers such like incredible things wherein Cardanus, Cornelius Agrippa, and divers others have more curiously than profitably written at large.”

Essex would have replied to this jargon ; but the king went on to describe the four kinds of conjurations which he had previously combated in his “ Book of Dæmonologie,” and in talking of the persons of the conjurors, the action of the conjuration, the words and the rites used to that effect, and the spirits that are conjured, he brought forth in his argument much raillery against the papists, the seasons, days, hours, “ circles made triangular, quadrangular,* round,

* King James's Works, p. 102, fol. ed. 1616.

double, or single," according to the form of the apparition, crosses and prayers despatched like a hunting mass. In a word his Majesty ranged throughout the whole field of dæmonology in a manner that would have confounded even Moses, so learned in all the sciences of the Egyptians.

The Earl could only reply to the King's very elaborate argument by referring to the universal custom of consulting astrologers; but this his Majesty blamed, though he allowed the witches and necromancers the "power of making powders of dead corpses for the purpose of enchanting people in health; also," said the King, "to some others the devil teacheth at times how to make pictures of wax or clay, that by the roasting thereof, the persons that they bear the name of, may be continually melted or dried away by continual sickness. There is one Forman, I hear of,"

said James, "a witty knave it is, and he can make men or women to love or hate each other, which may be very possible for that Jew devil to effectuate, seeing he being a cunning workman in all the cabala, may bring his magic operations so in conjunction with his horoscope stars and talismans, as to persuade the corrupted affections of them whom God will permit him so to deal with."

"But can your Majesty believe that much, and not allow that I may be witched by this same knave?" asked the Earl.

"I would you were able to believe as little, and fear their power as muckle as I do. But we'll have them put to the test, albeit that Jew Doctor maunna be meddled wi' on account of his nation; as for the rest we'll have every witch among them put into one scale, and the Bible in the other; we'll see whether and how

many o' them can weep more tears than three, and that out of their left eye."

The King here paused, as thinking, perhaps, that he was making too free with these supernatural agents; and after exhorting Essex to be advised by the wisest wit he could find, as to how he should act in getting rid of his Countess, bowed the Earl into the withdrawing room, and shut the door of his cabinet upon him. Essex departed from the palace more puzzled than when he entered; but finding the king was not averse to his divorce, he resolved to petition his Majesty in all due form on this subject.

The relations of the Lady Frances were all equally desirous to effect this separation, and nothing for a time seemed to engage the public attention but the divorce of Lord Essex and his wife. The town swarmed with witty sayings on this occasion, the artists, who had recently sprang up as engravers, found

ample scope in caricaturing the families of the Howards ; Rochester was drawn in all the various stages of his advancement in life ; and many of those pictures represented a magician practising his incantations upon the parties, whom the vulgar tongue libelled in song and in epigram.

Even the king himself was not spared, and Anne of Denmark figured in many a portfolio that contained sketches of the revels and masques given at Theobalds and Whitehall. It was said, with what truth we vouch not, that Prince Henry secretly hired the poets of the city to make verses on Rochester and the Countess ; and that the Earl of Northumberland's friends ridiculed the king, while the admirers of Sir Walter Raleigh lampooned the court, the ministry, and the judges.

CHAP. VII.

'Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight,
The words of heav'n: on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just,

* * * * *

For we bid this be done
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

WHEN Rochester had left his Majesty, he proceeded forthwith to Overbury, to whom he related all that had passed in his audience with the king. On entering the chamber of the lawyer, Rochester exclaimed in a rapturous triumphant speech, "Now, my friend, give me the joy which men wish their own soul in fortune. The king is on my side,

H 3

and the Lord Northampton, I have him with me too."

"The more sorry am I," said Overbury in reply, "and all the joy I can offer, is the renewal of my promise to be neuter."

"For Wednesday I shall summon a council to consider of this divorce," said Rochester, in no ways chagrined by his friend's coldness. "Let me see, it shall consist of Sir Daniel Dun, the Bishops of Winton, Ely, London; the Lord Treasurer, Sir Edward Coke; and though last not least, my dear friend Overbury."

"Indeed! so soon?" exclaimed Overbury."

"Why, yes; but this is a previous council to consult on the Archbishop Abbott's capability to exercise his functions," replied Rochester; "now I have hit on it; look ye—Abbott will not favour the divorce, I dare say, but then

his incapacity to exercise his functions may enable us to dispense with him ; if not, why we must restore him to their exercise, and then out of kindness for the royal favour thus shown, the priest will doubtless come over to us. And now I think you can advise me."

"As your Lordship proposes me one of that council," replied Overbury, "I shall there have an opportunity of expressing my opinions; meantime, my advice is that we find how the people stand affected to the restoration of the Archbishop, for they are the best judges of public men and public measures."

"The people! pshaw," exclaimed Rochester, with the most sovereign contempt, "the people!—well, well—the people—I'm now engaged for the cloth-workers, poor souls, being covetous of larger employments, and I will present their petition to the king, and therefore

thou shalt set wit on edge to scent out the people—those sovereign judges—those garlic scented breath fellows, whom I've courted by largesses and flattery, to gain popularity ; but I tell thee what, man, I value not their opinion that," added the Viscount, smacking his fingers.

"Belike you do not, my Lord, but I can tell you there be many complaints of the people against the ministry ; they do talk of those who are blinded by pleasure, and they are keen-sighted to the faults of their superiors—betters they allow not."

"Overbury, this comes not of thy love to me," interrupted Rochester.

"But with much love it comes, though," answered Overbury, "the people do talk of your Lordship's overslips, and your good deeds they let pass with small respect—truth is, the people do now believe passion and interest sway all the courtiers—nay more"—

“ But I’ll hear no more,” interrupted Rochester, again.

“ My Lord,” said Overbury, “howsoever other things may pass either with small regard, or be smothered with honour and greatness, yet such things as lay a man open to obloquy and contempt, can hardly be unobserved in a person so public and eminent as your Lordship.”

“ I tell thee, I’ll not endure this reproof ; no, not from thee Overbury.”

“ I but repeat what hath resulted from my observation of the public, my Lord,” replied Overbury, “ such things as lay a man open to obloquy and contempt, are often esteemed to be in a man that which outwardly seemeth light and effeminate, or inwardly wanteth the balance of government to poise external actions.”

“ This savours not of friendship, Overbury ; thou hast risen in my exaltation, and would now kick the ladder from under thy feet—I leave thee—

thou'lt attend the council, and there give better speech in more modesty of language," and Rochester thereupon took his leave.

On the day appointed by the Favourite the council met, consisting of the persons whom we have already named ; and after the business for which it had been summoned was detailed by Rochester, a species of desultory discourse ensued, but which soon terminated in a regular and legal debate, in the argument and language following :

" But my Lord of Canterbury," said Rochester, " how can he presume to give an opinion on this nullity—wot you not that with his cross bow he struck my Lord of Zouch's keeper with an arrow under the left arm, so that he died about an hour after ?"

" True as thou hast spoken," replied the Bishop of London, " which kind of death befell one of our kings once in the New

Forest—nevertheless the king, apprehensive scandal might be given if the matter were passed over, hath caused it to be thoroughly examined.”

“ Indeed !” exclaimed Rochester with an ironical smile.

“ Nay, sweet Lord,” continued the Bishop, “ abate thy despiteful and scornful manner, for fleering and scoffing become not our rank in this grave concernment. What hath happened to the Lord Bishop might be the misfortune of any other man ; yet because his eminent rank in the Christian church hath ministered occasion of some doubts, as making the case different in his person in respect of the scandal, our liege Lord hath directed a letter to the Lord Keeper and certain bishops and doctors, to certify to him what be their judgments, either as to an irregularity or otherwise, and also what means may be found to redress the same, (if

need be,) with all diligence and expedition."

"It is well the king hath done so; church matters now go on with most profound and incomparable wisdom; commend me, sweet Lord, to the prayers of your diocese," said Rochester, with a most gracious and importunate look, "but when a bishop," added he, "must needs take the recreation of hunting, let him take the precaution against misfortune which a good man would always take."

"But you misunderstand the matter, my good Lord," said the Bishop of Winton, "for this unfortunate act hath both cure and remedy. *Imprimis*, the canons and decrees themselves are so general, and so ready to entertain distinctions and limitations, the doctors and glosses so differing, the inferences and disputes are so peculiar in every man's conceit and apprehension, the authori-

ties of canonists and casuists are so opposite in this very case in hand, that the bishops will not return unto his Majesty any unanimous resolution or opinion of the same. *Secundo*, there may be scandal taken at home, but none was meant to be given by the said very right reverend father. *Tertio*, the King may grant a restitution or dispensation, either immediately under the great seal, or by the hands of some clergyman delegated by his Majesty for that purpose, or in what way soever his Majesty shall be pleased to extend that favour."

"What says my oracle Sir Edward Coke?" demanded Rochester.

"By the laws of the realm," replied the famous lawyer, "he may hunt, but there is an old law, that a bishop when dying, is to leave his pack of dogs (called *muta canum*, that is, *muti de chiens*), to the King's free use and disposal. By the *Charta de Foresta*, arch-

bishops and bishops have express liberty to hunt, and it follows by implication that a clergyman, who has ten pounds sterling per annum, may keep his greyhounds and hounds. But then there be the excesses of hunting in clergymen, and the undue application of that liberty."

"Truly and well said, Sir Edward, even as the priests under the old law might shed the blood of men as well as of beasts; and put on an armour as well as an ephod," said Sir Thomas Overbury, with an assurance that he spoke canonically. ".But whether the laws of the church which paint us the martial Saint George, at this day prohibit clergymen to meddle with matters of blood, be merely *ex jure positivo* or *ex divino mixto*, the lord keeper and the bench of bishops, will tell us by and bye."

"But thou forgettest," interrupted Sir Edward Coke, "that the Archbishop

had formerly more than twenty packs and chases, to use at his pleasure, and by charter had free warren in all his lands."

"So had the Bishops castles," rejoined Overbury "and fortresses, and might for their safety dwell in them; but as they might not be soldiers in these, so they might not be huntsmen in their parks and warrens. Nay I will go further back, when they affected to get into their hands *Comitatus, vice-comitatus, vel castellarius*,—counties, sheriffwicks, and constableships of castles; but shall we think they either did or might use them in their own persons as with banners displayed to lead forth soldiers of their own country, or with sword and target to defend the walls of their castles, or with a white wand to collect the King's revenues?"

"But," interrupted the Bishop of Ely, "the case of this right reverend and most worthy person deserveth great commi-

seration and tender handling ; and since we must regard the *animus* or *intentio innocua*, and *actio legitima* ; none is so impious as to imagine that his lordship intended to hurt any man ; so much for the *intentio innocua* ;—and now as respecteth the *actio*, it appeareth that his grace did this so carefully, that all were continually called upon not only to stand off, but so far off as sheweth his lordship to be very unskilful in the use of his bow.”

“ And doth not the *animus* betoken a kind of cruelty, unless slaughtering beasts be sport to them and pain to us ?” demanded Overbury, adding, “ but not to fall from the tree by catching at a twig, we will rest upon the chief station in the case, the nature of the action—*Venatione, quæ armis et telis fit, profecto fiet clericus irregularis*—and this falleth out to be now the case ; for this hunting was with a cross-bow,

a deadly and a dangerous weapon, that hath been the occasion of many misfortunes."

This was a point on which Sir Edward Coke found himself called upon to give an opinion, which he did as follows;—"My Lord Archbishop doth not make a life or occupation of hunting, though *in venatione potius delectatio quam actus attenditur*; nay he professeth no skill therein, not even so much as to wind a horn, though that, by no law nor canon be forbidden to him—the bishops, as all the old charters say, shall have sac and soc, toll and team, cognizance of plea, suit of court, toll, and such other customs, as we explain it in common phrase." The learned lawyer looked for a reply, but none was offered, not that his antagonist lacked either argument or inclination, but time pressed, and his presence elsewhere was required a few minutes hence. The conference was accordingly

broken up, and Overbury departed ill satisfied with the result of his argument. The feelings of Rochester were various but harassing ; those of the bishops and the lawyers seemed neutral.

Overbury, in conversation afterwards with Rochester, represented to him the effect which the restoration of the Archbishop would have upon those " enemies of the Church the Puritans ;" but to this argument the Favourite replied tauntingly, " He cared as much for Catholicism as for Puritanism, the former were the legitimate offspring of the primitive church, the latter, schismatics who wished to rule the roast in church and state, or, in other words, to dispense with an Established Religion, a monarchy, and perhaps an hereditary nobility."

Sir Thomas reasoned against these opinions " as wild and unfounded," and referred his friend, first to certain publications which would satisfy him that

the Archbishop could not exercise again his episcopal functions; secondly, to certain other books, which would convince Rochester that his project of the divorce between the Earl and Countess of Essex, was unchristian, illegal, and without precedent, except in one solitary case, which had other and stronger accompanying circumstances to warrant its accomplishment.

Rochester only laughed at these arguments of his friend: "What!" asked he, "think'st thou Overbury, I load my brain with musty records, or statutes, or sermons, or canons of the church—I tell thee, nay, man.—In the library of Rochester, thou shalt find, it may be, a dozen love romances i' the French, some six or eight Masques of Ben Jonson, a few ballads and plays of Will Shakespeare, and a few prints—and that's all.—But time flies—I must be gone—tomorrow thou'lt think differently—adieu."

Agreeably to the instructions of their royal Master, a quorum of the bishops dispensed with the irregularity which the Puritans complained of in the late accident, and which they contended had drawn a blemish or imputation on the character of the Archbishop. By this instrument, too, the canons were overruled and dispensed with, the force of the Archbishop's character was revived, and he was fully restored to the exercise of his episcopal functions. The Puritans were not, however, satisfied; they complained that this wonderful relief from the crown supposed a patriarchal at least, if not a papal authority, vested in the king; but it were waste of time to argue in condemnation of their opinions, as the misfortune of the Archbishop could load him with no blame, and his requesting his Majesty for a dispensation, was only *ad cantelam ex superabundanti*. Yet had the irregularity,

alleged been maintained, the Archbishop's sacerdotal powers would have been laid asleep, he would have forfeited all his preferments, and been incapable of any for the future.

Archbishop Abbott was, therefore, able to entertain the question of divorce between the Earl and Countess of Essex, and it will be for us now to view the part he acted in that obnoxious measure. His Grace being at the court at Whitehall, the king again pressed this conscientious prelate to become one of the commissioners.

“How now, cousin Abbott,” quoth the pacific and dissimulating monarch, “it is unto me a matter very strange to hear of discontents between my noble subjects, but I never imagined matters would come to this head between Essex and his Countess.”

“I do not know the ground,” replied

the Archbishop, "whereupon they intend to move for a separation ; but if I am to be a judge in any such questions, I would pray your Majesty that other bishops being near the town and court, may be joined with me."

James looked to his Lord Chamberlain for a speech, that officer being at the time close at hand ; the courtier very promptly answered the prelate : " My Lord Archbishop, you shall have in the commission the Bishops of London, Ely, and Lichfield ; the two Chancellors of the Exchequer, and Dutchy, my judges," for so he called them, " Sir Daniel Dun, Sir John Burnet, Dr. James, and Dr. Edwards."

" I like the persons very well," replied the dignified and honest prelate.

" The commission," added the King, " shall be under the great seal," and immediately the sovereign, leaning upon

Rochester and the Lord Chamberlain, walked forwards in the gallery, going towards St. James's Park.

"I hope," said the prelate, as he made his obeisance to the king on his departure, "that the lady's counsel will not lay a bridge so narrow that themselves and their noble client may not walk over it."

Overbury, on quitting the council, repaired to his Gabriella, whom he found inconsolable. It seems that, during his absence from her residence, the Countess had waited upon the solitary Italian, with a view to make her a party to this business, or at least to persuade her to use her all-powerful influence with Sir Thomas that he might yield his consent to the intreaties of Rochester.

"My dear Gabriella," said the Countess, "what can it matter to you that my lord and I separate?—Bethink

you of the cruelty of a ceremony which compels people to live as man and wife, when in heart and soul they detest each other? Suppose my case were yours, and that you were doomed to this inconsistent match."

"But, madam," replied Gabriella, "marriage is honourable in all things: and if it be otherwise, the church has the power to give the injured party relief; though I confess I know nothing of the Protestant rites."

"And why should you?" interrupted the Countess, "know you not—no—no—" she would have added, "that your marriage is not valid—being celebrated only in the Catholic church, when as respects his religious persuasion, Sir Thomas Overbury is a good Protestant." But the Countess did not wish to give the being she desired to make useful, any pain by the manner in which she should employ her. She, therefore, compress-

ed her lips, that no syllable might escape them, and proceeded to entreat that Gabriella would use her influence on Overbury, that he might lend his powerful aid in support of the divorce.

Gabriella, as we have said, was distressed to find that Overbury should be made a party in this business, and she saw no mode of escape for him but his abandoning the employment he held through the interest of Rochester. Of Rochester's intrigue with the Countess, Overbury had in the most delicate manner dropped some hints to Gabriella, and that intelligent being foresaw much evil in the criminal conversation of these great personages. As soon, therefore, as Overbury came into her presence on the day that Gabriella had been visited by the Countess, she related the circumstance of the Lady Frances calling upon her, stating also the exact conversation

that had passed between them ; and in order to satisfy the mind of his wife, it now became necessary for Overbury to explain himself as fully as he could without committing the Viscount by the disclosure of secrets that belonged especially to his office at Whitehall. When, as he proceeded, Gabriella learned that he was averse to the divorce, she became more easy in her mind, and as the relation of her husband proceeded, it was now obvious to her understanding that he yielded, or went through his duty from circumstances rather than from inclination, she could not help admiring his principles, and loving him more for their display before such superior influence, than for many of his other qualities which the world admired. Overbury finally assured her that “whatever turn this most disagreeable business might take, he should have as little share

in it as possible ; but the routine of matters which he must go through with, he would not shrink from so long as he could serve his country and establish his own fortunes honourably.”.

CHAP. VIII.

————— Dost thou but think
What 'tis to cram a man, or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice ? Say to thyself,
From their abominable and beastly touches,
I drink, I eat, array myself and live !
Can'st thou believe thy living is a life
So stinkingly depending ? Go mend, mend.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

WHILE the proceedings related in the preceding chapter were in agitation and execution, the Earl of Suffolk and his Countess joined their daughter, the Lady Frances, in petitioning the king for the divorce ; the Earl of Northampton also used his utmost influence to bring it about, as Rochester had secured for him the Chancellorship of Cambridge. Ro-

chester, however, in all that had hitherto transpired publicly of this business, seemed only to act the part of a statesman; but he found himself crossed at every turning by the friends of Prince Henry, who talked openly and feelingly of the insult offered to his Highness by the Viscount's securing for the Earl of Northampton the Chancellorship.

Rochester cared for none of these matters; he contrived that the commission should be made out for the divorce and accepted by the council. The proceeding was accordingly decreed; and the Earl of Essex was called, and his libel put in. The worthy Archbishop and several others were silent; but the Bishop of Lichfield opened the controversy by observing that "he was ordinary to the young Earl, and had been in his house at Chartley, which he saw to be well governed, and that the Earl did bear himself most religiously therein to

his great comfort ; yet it would be good that they proceeded with great wariness in this cause ;” adding “ the world looketh on us what we do ; and there were not more eyes upon the Earl’s father losing his head, than there be upon the Earl now losing his wife.”

The observation of the Bishop of Lichfield had some effect on the more precipitate commissioners, and matters went on in course till Midsummer Day, when the King sent for the Archbishop, complaining “ that proceedings were delayed, and he wished the affair closed speedily.”

The Archbishop modestly replied, “ Some amongst us tell tales of all that is said and done, most gracious sovereign, but I assure you, sir, we have rather gone too fast ; we have sat forenoon and evening, we have many businesses to despatch of the nation’s.”

“ Tut, man,” said James, “ why din-

na ye acquaint me from time to time how matters go on? The ladies ken not what to make of a' your meetings, and meetings, and meetings! naebody kens what's the truth; but what's said upon the credit o' the limmer howdies, whilk are but two, and e'en Bauldy Armstrong says they're tampered with—"

"Belike Sir," replied Archbishop Abbott, "there has been no publication of witnesses, and it is in the spirit of expositors of revelations, like Whittington's bells, to ring the advancement or knell of those at the helm."

"Tush, man," quoth James, "I tell thee, cousin, we will hear this ourselves on the morrow at noon."

The venerable prelate bowed and took his leave, and on the morrow the king and his bishops assembled in divan on this disgraceful case. The counsel on one side put in their answer, which was round and picquant; his Majesty pro-

fessed dislike to the business ; the commissioners considered of the answer, and disallowed it, giving orders that no record should remain of it, but that it should be utterly destroyed. But this resolution was only effected by the powerful eloquence of my Lord of Canterbury. " And now," said his Lordship, " it hath gone abroad that the king hath so schooled the Archbishop as he was never schooled in his life. Sir William Button you have followed this business from the first, and have been present in the acting of all things. Have you ever seen me in word or in deed, do any matter that doth not become me ? What is then the cause that I am thus complained of, that I cannot any one day be in quiet ?"

" The Lord Chamberlain," replied Sir William Button, " has been a very kind father to my children ; but in this of his daughter he is so passionate till it be brought to an end, that he lieth as on a

gridiron, broiling till the matter be accomplished."

"Enough! enough!" interrupted the King, "let us hear what Sir Daniel Dunn has to say."

Sir Daniel accordingly commenced a formal declaration, divided into six parts, to every one of which he spoke largely; and the king, who was himself a very verbose speaker, listened with much good humour, till the speaker insisted they should proceed summarily, "they being in a manner arbiters between both parties, and might, therefore, judge in discretion as they should think fit."

"This is a strange doctrine," said the Archbishop, "in a matter of marriage, that as arbiters, we may adjudge a wife to her husband or not adjudge her, according to discretion."

"The sentence," rejoined Sir Daniel Dunn, "may be given in general terms, not naming any particular *maleficium*."

"In such a sentence," said Archbishop Abbott, "the world expects that we should render a reason for what we do."

"A reason!" ejaculated the King in obvious surprise, "it is not fit a judge should give any reason."

"His Majesty," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "is perfectly and legally right—a judge is not to give a reason of his sentence but only to God. I would give no reason to any one in the world."

"But to me," interrupted the King vehemently.

"I was once," continued the Financier, "called before Queen Elizabeth, about a sentence which I gave, and she demanded of me the reason thereof. I told her 'a judge is bound to give no reason of that which he pronounced but only to God.'"

"I marvel much at these things," said James, "but let it be that we acquaint not

the world with the reason of that which we do ; yet is it not fit that I who am the judge in chief, and must pronounce the sentence, know the ground of that which I am to pronounce ?”

“ His Majesty is right,” uttered the Archbishop, with slow articulation, “ We shall be forced, I at least shall, to tell men the reason of the sentence : for as soon as this cause is sentenced, every man who is discontented with his wife, and every woman discontented with her husband, which can have any reasonable pretence, will repair to me for nullities.”

“ Good Lord !” said James, “ how you do boggle ! wot you not, cousin, our predecessor, Bluff Harry, put away Anne of Cleve, whom he married to strengthen himself with the Protestant princes of Germany against the emperor and the king of France ?”

“ In that which your Majesty propoundeth,” replied the Archbishop,

“ there is not one word, I presume, tending to the present case ; otherwise I should earnestly give consent to the nullity.”

“ Sir Daniel Dunn told me so,” echoed James, looking his informant fiercely in countenance.

“ I challenge Sir Daniel Dunn,” was the Archbishop’s language, “ for abusing the king with a false report anent the precedent ; and in divers ways may be shewn the insufficiency of the proofs : as, that the libel has been laid short of the cause, and the proofs short of the libel.”

“ But, consider, your Reverence,” said Sir Daniel Dunn, “ consider what a disgrace this will be to my Lord Chamberlain and his daughter, if this cause should not go forward !”

“ They should have looked to that before they did begin it,” was the reply of the Archbishop ; “ we were not the

men that set the matter on foot : if it be a disgrace, they put it on themselves. But must I, to save any man from disgrace, give a sentence whereof I see no ground, and send my soul unto hell ? I will never do it."

"Body o' me," exclaimed the King, "am I to be made the 'scape-goat in this? No, I never will. My Lord of Canterbury, you carry yourself high, and have procured in me a hard opinion of Puritanism. Will you not rack your conscience a thumb's breadth, rather than dishonour your prince to his very face? Why canna it stand wi' your honour mair than mine. By God's passion ! ye would be head o' all, church and state, man ; it is sae ! it is sae !" —said the monarch, with much wrath, stamping with his feet, and extending, at every sentence of his speech, his clenched fist at the Archbishop.

The churchman, seeing the king in earnest, fell down on his knee, and with tears in his eyes, said, " I beseech your Majesty, if ever I have done you any service, whom I do serve with a faithful heart, or may do you any service, rid me of this business. I am the unfittest man that might be to judge of such a cause. I am no married man, no lawyer, and I have not had the time, by reason of my infinite business, to read so much of this matter as other men here before your Majesty."

" Rise, cousin, rise," said James very graciously ; " I find fault with the libel as well as you ; but ye proceed too slowly, and I marvel that my Lord of Worcester and my Lord Knowles were not examined as witnesses. I would that the Earl would make a progress unto Poland to have tried whether he might be unwitched. But if my Lord of Canterbury and my Lord of London

will have and give a negative voice, we must either begin all again, and have a new libel, or we must have a new commission, and put other adjuncts. A pest upon all your marriages of young couples, before they be acquainted with one another. Now, there was in my own country a father, like my Lord Chamberlain here, married his only child to a man against her will, and being gone home with her husband, she, after a few days, ran away from him; but the father jerked her, and sent her home again: howbeit, not long after, she poisoned her guid man, and was burnt for it while I was in Scotland. Briefly, up and down, to-day, much hath been said, but a reconciliation between my Lord and the Countess we cannot think of; it is too late; it may be the cause of poisoning and destroying one another, as in the case cited on memory, to bring them together again. The sentence—

the sentence—in it take heed ye gall nobody; and do not, in any long manner, but compendiously, deliver what ye have to say.”

“ I will not be wilful,” said the Archbishop at length; “ but if it be the King’s pleasure, and it be agreed upon, I will obey.”

The king rose, and proceeded to his carriage, leaving the conclave to come to the sentence, which was done very soon, and the nullity decreed, my Lord of Winton pronouncing it : thus was the young Earl of Essex and his Countess divorced.

CHAP. IX.

The charm dissolves apace ;
And, as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase th' ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. —————

Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy.

THE TEMPEST.

THE publication of this sentence distracted men's minds, and no two persons viewed it in the same light, beyond the precincts of the court. Every one spoke of it according to his fancy ; the generality of people expressing strong detestation of the whole proceeding, and the greatest dislike of the commissioners and the parties implicated. But even in

this respect there was a difference of opinion ; the commissioners who were friendly to the divorce were scouted and ridiculed in lampoons and caricatures, exposed in the shops, or chalked on the walls ; the others who opposed the divorce were lauded in all places, as honest men who would discharge their conscience. The Earl of Essex retired to his estate of Chartley, refunded the dowry he received with the Lady Frances, who “ revelled it as bravely as the best ” with her paramour Rochester. But the public attention was speedily diverted from this affair by another, which speaks volumes for the credulity of the age.

The King now became so thoroughly convinced of the influence of the witches, that an Act was passed to put all who were suspected of this craft upon their trials. Some were actually put into the scales, and weighed against their bibles ;

which, if they preponderated, were pronounced guilty; and what bible was ever printed that weighed so heavy as an old woman? Others were compelled to repeat the Lord's prayer, which no witch could do, it was said, without omitting some words; but though all witches did not hesitate at the same place, the trials of those recorded generally furnish an omission in one place or another. But let us take into the account, that though the service of the church had for a long time been read in the vulgar tongue, though James had caused a new translation of the Bible, that had long been in preparation, to be printed about this period, the bulk of the common people were exceedingly illiterate; the purchase of a prayer-book, and more especially of a bible, was above the means of the poor creatures who were suspected of witchcraft. Teats, through which the imps sucked, were indubitable

marks of a witch ; these were always raw, and also insensible ; and, if squeezed, sometimes yielded a drop of blood. The want of tears was a substantial proof by the witch finders. But of all the tests, that of swimming the witch was the most popular ordeal practised. In the neighbourhood of the dwelling in which I write this, is a noted pond, in which many a poor old woman was submerged after the following fashion :

When the crowd of boors, discarded soldiers, vagabonds, and criminals who acted as spies, had assembled round the pond, the witch was stripped naked, and cross bound, the right thumb to the left toe, and the left thumb to the right toe. Thus prepared, she was thrown into the water, in which, if guilty, she could not sink, but swim like a cork ; for having, by her compact with the devil, renounced the benefit of the water of baptism, that element, in its turn, renounced her, and refused to

receive her into its bosom. On the contrary, if she sank, there was an end of her, the multitude believing she sank to avoid conviction and burning at the stake!

The other methods of ordeal by fire, were equally summary and certain. If a flaming brand could not set fire to the thatch of the witch's house, she was brought forth and condemned instantly; if it, on the contrary, ignited the dry straw, the inmate was a witch, and the brutal mob feasted their sight with her immolation; if she did not confess herself a witch, another method by burning any animal supposed to be witched by her, was of equal force.

But of all trials, that by the stool was the summit of credulity. Having taken the suspected witch, she was placed in the middle of a room, upon a stool or table, cross-legged, or in some other un-

easy posture ; to which, if she submitted not, she was bound with cords ; there she was watched, and kept without food or sleep for the space of a day and a night, for the vulgar idea ran that, within that time, her imps would come and suck ! A little hole was likewise made in the door for imps to come in at ; and lest they should come in some less discernible shape, they that watched were taught to be ever and anon sweeping the room, and if they saw any spiders or flies, to kill them : if they could not kill them, then they might be sure they were imps ! Again, if witches, under examination or torture, would not confess, all their apparel was changed, and every hair of their body shaven off with a sharp razor, lest they should secrete magical charms to prevent their confessing. Friday was the grand gala day for the mob who attended witch-confessing,

as on that day the poor old women were most apt to declare themselves to be witches!

Some few there were who spoke against these persecutions, but the ignorant multitude had an act of parliament for their authority, the King's "Book of Dæmonologie" to vouch for the existence of witches, the sanction, and even the recommendation of his Majesty "to root up all the witches, and to herry all the wizards and warlocks."

The king was neither the most bigoted, nor the most ignorant man of the Scottish nation, holding power which prejudice might induce him to abuse. It would be a nice point, however, for the antiquary to decide, whether they or their southern neighbours were more addicted to the imbecility of superstition and credulity; on many of the old houses still existing in Edinburgh, there are remains of talismanic or cabalistic charac-

ters, which the superstition of earlier ages had caused to be engraven on their fronts. These are generally composed of some text of Scripture, of the name of God, or perhaps, of an emblematical representation of the resurrection.

Conceiving that it would also amuse the multitude and turn their attention from his patron, Overbury greatly encouraged Ben Jonson's masques, and the representation of Shakespeare's plays, —and Rochester himself stirred up the king to double his zeal in the cause of freemasonry, a pastime in which James the First showed himself an experienced brother. So highly, indeed, did the king delight in the mummery of that craft, that he nominated all the wardens or provincial masters, and maintained a regular correspondence with the office-bearers of the Scottish Lodges, from the mother lodge of Kilwinning, all over the bounds of Aberdeen, Banff, and

Kincardine. In England, on the other hand, every grand master was chosen by the brethren, either from the nobility or clergy, and approved of by the crown, and he was entitled to a small annual revenue from each master mason, and likewise a fee at the initiation of every new member. But all the Viscount's efforts could only keep the king alive to this diversion for a season ; for in the sports of the fields, in revels, and at masques, James found more gratification than in honouring the craft.

Michaelmas Day had now arrived, when Andrew Melville and his brethren, who had been summoned to appear before the English Privy Council, were to attend the Chapel Royal at St. James's. They did so : the chapel was decorated with great magnificence, far outdoing what had been exhibited in the Chapel Royal of Holy Rood House since the days of Catholicism, even though now

officiated there an Episcopalian bishop. Melville, who had already distinguished himself in opposing the establishment of the bishops in Scotland, conceiving that the service did not differ materially from that of the church of Rome, amused himself by imprudently writing an epigram expressive of this idea.

One of the courtiers fixed his eye on the writing, made an incorrect copy of it, handed it to Bishop Bancroft, and asked him what he thought of it.

“That it’s treason,” replied the bishop; “he that libels the established religion is a traitor: from whom got you this, my Lord?”

The courtier pointed to Melville, who was in debate by this time with the king, for the ceremony had ended, and James was walking along the piazza to the grand stair-case. Bancroft hastily strode up to his Majesty, saying “So please your Grace to read that, and demand of

Master Melville his opinion of the writer."

The king glanced at the epigram, swore a royal oath, and turning round to Melville, demanded "If he wrote that?"

Melville boldly replied he had written an epigram on the decorations and magnificence of the performance, not on the religion of the English church.

"Traitor!" exclaimed Bancroft, "thy distinction is Jesuitical—thy language, treason!"

"My Lords," said the Presbyterian clergyman, addressing the whole court, who stood in amazement around his Majesty,—“Andrew Melville was never a traitor; but there is one Richard Bancroft, who, during the life of the Queen, wrote a treatise against his Majesty's title to the crown of England; here is the book,” continued Melville, pulling it from beneath his cloak, “here is the

book which was answered by my brother, John Davidson."

Bishop Barlow attempted to interfere, but fared no better. The King, however, deemed it adviseable to cut this debate short, and pronounced Melville guilty of "*Scandalum magnum*."

Melville, instead of apologizing for his offence, opened upon the bishops present a most unmerciful attack, disclosing their turn-coat principles, accusing them of entertaining principles derogatory to their calling, and rebuking the courtiers for their vices, in a tone of severity that added to his original offence. Towards the king his language was respectful, but manly ; yet he had sinned, as James had pronounced, and the guards were ordered to conduct him to the Tower.

Rochester was now honoured with another lift in the peerage, and the king raised him to the Earldom of Somerset. In order, also, to make the favour com-

plete, his Majesty ordered the lord treasurer, Buckhurst, by a peremptory warrant, to give the Earl of Somerset twenty-thousand pounds! Lord Buckhurst made no observation on this order of his royal master but, Cecil, who bore the Favourite no good will, resolved to prevent his receiving this sum, and therefore pretended that, "not only the exchequer, but the Indies themselves would want fluency to feed so immense a prodigality."

"What is that you say, my Lord?" inquired the King, "is not the glory of my reign the establishment of new colonies, the introduction of manufactures, the enjoyment of peace, and a flourishing commerce?"

Cecil bowed, but answered not, apprehending the king was as ignorant of the value of what was demanded, as of the desert of Somerset who begged it. Having, however, observed how very niggardly the king was in the distribution of

any money that passed through his hands, he resolved to try his Majesty's thrift of the nation's wealth in this instance. It happened that James that same day walked over from Whitehall Palace to the Treasury, to converse with Cecil on the proposed marriage of the Princess Royal with the Plasgrave. In one of the apartments through which the king had to pass, there lay a heap of silver, such as he had never seen before in one lot.

"Is it a vision—or am I witched?" cried James, "my eyes never before saw sae muikle gear. What is to be done wi' a' this, my Lord Salisbury—Who's money is this?"

"It was your's before your Majesty gave it away," replied Cecil deliberately, "but now it is the grant of my Lord Rochester, by this warrant, bearing the royal signature."

"Body o' me!" exclaimed James, in

a violent passion, "I protest to you, Cecil; I am abused on all hands; I never intended such a gift—what! a' this heap o' siller to Bob Car?—Never—never—never—" and casting himself upon the heap, he scrambled out some hundreds of pieces, and swore "Rochester should have no more of his money."

"Your Majesty forgets," replied Salisbury, "that money belonged to the exchequer—the exchequer belongs to the nation."

"Gogs bones, my Lord, is that all your opinion of my royal prerogative?—Is'nt the nation mine?—ain't I the king?"

Suffolk bowed assent to this; but Cecil replied with his usual coolness of manner, "True, your Grace, but the money that comes into the treasury belongs to the nation, else how could your Majesty give the Earl of Somerset so great a sum with his new patent?"

"Then Somerset shall have only a

moiety, I say," added the King, "and the other half will build a wall round our park at Theobalds, and improve our palace at Royston."

Cecil then gave directions to weigh the money again, and that ten thousand of it should be delivered to Rochester.

The king entered the cabinet of his treasurer, and after consulting on the projected alliance, it was agreed to summon a cabinet council to consider of this important measure. James was now at the head of the Protestant cause in Europe, and he flattered himself that by having as a son-in-law the elector of the Palatine, he would do great things for the church. But when the war in Bohemia broke out a few years after the marriage of his daughter with the Plasgrave, James lacked energy to support the Protestant cause at that crisis, and he was found negotiating when he should have fought. He was cunning

and dissembling in low and petty intrigues amongst men whom he ought to have sent to the right about with a look ; pusillanimous when he ought to have been firm, and imposed on by the courts of Vienna and Madrid, he expended the wealth of the English in the empty pageants of illustrious ambassadors to Foreign courts, without gaining by one of those missions a single ally.

But ere the council met that had been summoned, his Majesty concluded the match agreeably to his own notions of the "royal prerogative ;" and the elector was invited over to England to receive his bride from the hands of her parents.

CHAP. X.

Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour, which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his
 wrongs
His outsides, wear them like his raiment, carelessly ;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

EDWARD SACKVILLE, whom we have seen join the Lord Bruce on Croydon field, when Ramsey switched Philip Herbert, was at this time one of James's great favourites, not as a minion, but as a minister. Lord Clarendon says that

Sackville was "beautiful, graceful, and vigorous" in his person ; " his wit pleasant, sparkling and sublime, and his other parts of learning and language, of that lustre, that he could not miscarry in the world—But the vices of the age he was not stubborn enough to contemn or resist."

This young nobleman, who was now the Earl of Dorset, though for the sake of perspicuity we shall continue to call him by his christian and surname, figured away, as the reader may well recollect, at the court of James on the eventful evening when the Earl of Salisbury surrendered Theobalds to the King. The lady who then engrossed his attention was the lovely and amiable sister of Lord Bruce ; and in our observations on the affair of Croydon field, we hinted that it might be the charms of his mistress, as much as friendship for her brother, that led him to adhere to the Scottish party in the

brawl created by Ramsey. Popular fame now whispered many scandals respecting Sackville and Lady Bruce; and these rumours received double force from the retainers of some court lords to whom Sackville was obnoxious. Pasquins were handed about that confirmed the popular report, and one of these was one evening delivered to Lord Bruce by a masque in an entertainment given by Prince Henry.

Bruce's feelings were now roused to their highest pitch, and though a nobleman of great civility and of much more good-nature than he afterwards may appear to have had deemed it necessary to rescue the name of his family from the imputation of guilt, and from that miserable contagion which the tongue of calumny spreads around when the contriver of calamity has made shipwreck of the virtue of one of its members. Accordingly he repaired to Somerset's

house, and consulted with him on the contents of the mysterious pasquinade that had been slipped into his hand.—Somerset gloried in nothing more than in an opportunity of subverting the power and influence of Sackville, of whom he entertained the most sovereign contempt. He accordingly entered into the matter with all the appearance of friendship, and all the formality of business, that by the former he might exhibit his zeal, and by the latter his judgment; and after discussing the contents of the paper and weighing all the passages between Sackville and the family of Lord Bruce, it was determined that the offending party should be called to an account—Rochester indeed proposed laying the matter before the King, but to this proposition Lord Bruce would not listen, for well knowing how lightly his Majesty looked upon the gallantries of the nobles about his court,

he feared he should have as little justice done him as the Earl of Essex had experienced in his divorce. With the true spirit of a nobleman possessed of honour and courage, Lord Bruce waited upon Sackville, and at once opened his business by declaring the purport of his visit.

“And can a nobleman of your understanding,” said Sackville, “fall into the common infirmity of the vulgar, and imagine that, suppose I have paid Lady Bruce attentions, I have not been punctual in point of honour?”

“In unspotted fidelity have I lived with you, Edward Sackville,” replied the Lord Bruce; “if there have been amorous passages between you and other dames, nothing on earth should have tempted you into those paths of pleasure with my sister.”

“Proud baron!” exclaimed Sackville, “I abhor all artifices to shelter myself under from the prejudice of my

enemies and the opinion of my friends. With men of pleasant and companionable wit and conversation, and with dames of universal jollity, I have used such licence in words and actions as time and place have always allowed."

"Nay then, Edward Sackville, as thou art prodigal of speech, be thou also prodigal of thine honour—Thou art an ambitious, restless aspirant, of parts and wit enough, but in disposition and inclination, so false that very hell is written above and below thine eye-lashes."

"Enough! Enough, bully Scot," cried Sackville, turning on his heel and leaving the presence of Lord Bruce, who with all speed hastened to France, where he might challenge his antagonist without the risk of being interdicted by the privy council of King James. Arrived in Paris, he addressed the following note to Sir Edward Sackville.

“ à Mon. Monsieur Sackville.

“ I that am in France hear how much you attribute to yourself in this time, that I have given the world leave to ring your praises, because I have not done myself justice. If you call to memory, whereas I gave you my hand last, I told you I reserved my heart for a truer reconciliation. Now be that noble gentleman my love once spoke you, and come and do him right that could recite the trials you owe your birth and country, were I not confident your honour gives you the same courage to do me right, that it did to do me wrong. Be master of your own weapons and time ; the place wheresoever, I will wait on you. By doing this you will shorten revenge and clear the idle opinion the world hath of both our worths.

“ Edward Bruce.”

Sackville had no sooner perused this citation than he retired to his own private dressing room, bidding the messenger await his return, and penned an answer in the words following :

“ à Mon. Monsieur le Baron de Kinloss.

“ As it shall always be far from me to seek a quarrel, so will I always be ready to meet with any that desire to make trial of my valour by so fair a course as you require. A witness whereof yourself shall be, who within a month shall receive a strict account of time, place and weapon, where you shall find me ready disposed to give you honourable satisfaction by him that shall conduct you thither. In the mean time, be as secret of the appointment as it seems you are desirous of it.

“ Edward Sackville.”

The Earl, it is true, wrote these words, but ere he finished an epistolatory reply to his mind, he blotted several sheets of

paper ; and when in the end he was satisfied with his answer he repaired to the hall where Lord Bruce's messenger awaited, and before delivering the letter into the waiting man's hand, he asked, " How does my Lord of Kinloss ? "

" Indifferently well," answered the serving man, with an air and pronunciation which seemed to say, that the report of the world attached the disgrace of his Lord even to his humble name.—

" Knave, that thou art," quoth Sackville, " bearest thou me in thy master's name or out of thine own sheer impertinence ? "

" Sir Knight," replied the man, not deigning to use the title of earl, " when my Lord is inquired after as an his health were n't cared for, I am knave, in Lord Bruce's name, to answer—so, so."

" Hold thy sufficient insolence, varlet, and deliver this to thy master."

" I have no master, an please you,

Sir Knight," said the messenger, adding audaciously, "How does my Lord Kinloss? and to me his master of ceremonies the name of varlet?"

"Well, well, master of ceremonies," interrupted Sackville, who felt no desire to prolong a conversation which the other sustained in loud key and with a bold attitude; "Give this letter to thy Lord; and here, with this Jacobus, slack thy passion, fellow."

The master of ceremonies was about to make one of those half formal refusals which are but the more emphatic signs of asking, when the Earl thrust both the letter and the piece of gold into his slouched hat, which lay on a bench in the hall, and waving his left hand for the man to begone, retired again to his private withdrawing room. Here he once more perused the epistle of Lord Bruce, and thus reasoned with himself on its contents—"Authorless

tongues have laid false aspersions on me, in the report of this unfortunate passage between Lady Bruce and me—They are spread here—I ought to be sensible of their effect—I may justly fear they reign also elsewhere. There are but two ways to resolve doubts of this nature ; by oath, or by the sword. The first is due to magistrates, and communicable to a friend, the other to such as maliciously slander and impudently defend their assertion. It were unworthy to descend to the former, now that the latter is appealed to by my antagonist. How talks this northern Lord of me, ‘ noble gentleman’ ‘ do him right,’ ‘ courage to do him wrong,’ ‘ weapons,’ ‘ time,’ ‘ place,’ ‘ revenge’ s’ death ! Edward Sackville, this is too much—” and he paced the room in agitation bordering on phrenzy, then throwing the lattice open to admit the cool air, he flung himself in an antique chair, again to peruse the let-

ter of his adversary; but he could not read above a line, indignation and rage conspiring to deprive him even of vision. He gazed however on the paper before him; the writing appeared so many waving lines dancing in his view by some magical power, and when his eyes recovered the faculty of seeing, the first impulse was to read no more. "The letter is answered," said Sir Edward to himself; "what boots it me to spell a thing of naught—I will even now put my affairs in order and hasten to Rotterdam, where I shall accomplish the promise I have this day made, by a particular assignation of place and weapons."

In fulfilment of this purpose, Sackville put his affairs in order, as one who goeth forth to the field of the "red coral dye" never more to return alive; and having repaired to Rotterdam, he

addressed to Lord Bruce the following epistle.

“ á Mon. Monsieur le baron de Kinloss.

“ I am ready at Fergoso, a town in Zealand, to give you that satisfaction your sword can render you, accompanied with a worthy gentleman, my second, in degree a knight; and for your coming I will not limit you a peremptory day, but desire you to make a definite and speedy repair for your own honour, and fear of prevention, until which time you shall find me there.

“ Edward Sackville.”

Fergoso, 10th of August, 1613.

By a trusty servant did Sackville forward this note to Lord Bruce, who on its receipt replied by an acknowledgment of his antagonist's fair carriage, saying,

“ á Mon. Monsieur Sackville.

“ I have received your letter by your

man, and acknowledge you have dealt nobly with me, and now I come with all possible haste to meet you.

“ Edward Bruce.”

In this attitude this affair stood but a brief space till the principals and their seconds and medical attendants met at Fergoso, in Zealand, that being the place allotted for the rendezvous. Thither Lord Bruce repaired with all convenient speed, accompanied by one Master Crawford, an English gentleman, as his second, a surgeon, and a serving man. There also Sir Edward Sackville rendered himself, attended by his second, Sir John Heidon, whom he despatched to Lord Bruce to let him understand, that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon they should fight, as also the place.

The seconds being accordingly empowered to fix the place of meeting, by mutual appointment, it was agreed they

should go to Antwerp, and from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the mid way, a village divides the territories of the States from those of the Archduke. The political divisions of Europe during the eighteenth, and what has elapsed of the nineteenth centuries, have probably annihilated this neutral place of honour ; but in the seventeenth century it was a renowned spot for the favourites of dissension.

The object of choosing this point was both prudential and valorous, which may be thus explained to my pugnacious readers. In some states of the continent, as in England, at this period "the impious practice of duelling" had been abolished ; in others its criminality was of such doubtful explication, that men of honour, who were generous enough to end their controversies by single combat, in place of appealing to the laws of their country, choose usually foreign or

neutral ground whereon to adjust their differences. Here the dignity of wrath, and the cool and deliberate preparation (by passing different climes and waiting different seasons, as Nestor Ironside has it,) for murdering each other, were the less liable to be obstructed by the stratagems of an active police and the pusillanimous fears of females, who dreaded widowhood, and children who squalled at the name of orphan. In this neutral spot, the victor might in a few minutes exempt himself from the justice of either the States General, or the Archduke's provost-major, by retiring into the dominion of the country not offended.

It was farther concluded, that in case either combatant should fall or slip, that then the duel should cease, and he whose ill fortune had so subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands. But in case one party's sword should break, because that could

only chance by hazard, it was agreed the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go to it again.

These conditions having been settled by the seconds, were conveyed to their principals, who both approved of them. When, however, Sir Edward Sackville despatched his second to Paris with his ultimatum as to place, time, weapon, and conditions, he mentioned also the exact length of his sword, without specifying its breadth and weight. The Lord Bruce, who attended only to the length, and to whom the breadth of the blade, and the entire weight never once occurred as essentials, when on the field, brought with him, it is true, one of the same length, but twice as broad in the blade.

Sir John Heidon, the second of Sackville, objected against the sword of Lord Bruce, and advised his principal

to match his own, and send the opposite party both swords that he might make his choice. This proposal met with Sir Edward's approval, it being the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. Sir John accordingly presented both swords to Lord Bruce, who observed that, "Though neither appeared a real Toledo, the blades seemed good, and he had no doubt would do their part indifferent well—I shall take this one."

"That sword," replied Sir John Heidon, "is the actual blade of Sir Edward Sackville."

"Nay then, I will take its fellow and match it—then let you choose."

"That were unnecessary, my Lord," answered Heidon—your election is made, and I object not to it."

"Good, Sir John ; this is past expectation with a gentleman who feels himself so far behind hand, as a little of

Sir Edward Sackville's blood will not serve my turn."

"My Lord, bethink you," interrupted Heidon, "the choleric inflict disproportioned punishments, upon slight and sometimes imaginary offences."

"What, Sir John Heidon!" exclaimed Lord Bruce, his dark eyes flashing fire, his eyebrows arched into the true Saxon curve, and his teeth rattling against each other as the last syllable of the knight's name was pronounced—"What! talk to me of slight offence, me who've weighed the cause, and thereby would have smothered my secret resentment, had the offence of Sir Edward Sackville been imaginary; no, no—I have sought proper and adequate reparations for the damage my family and my name have sustained—Sought it, said I? Heaven judge between us, I am resolved to have Sackville alone;

for so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, (a plague on all friendship now) cannot stand by and see me do that which I must, to satisfy myself and his honour."

"But my Lord, my Lord," said Heidon, glad to hear the word honour named, "consider whether such intentions be worthy the name of honour, which are the rather bloody, and far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation and not for life."

"Sir John Heidon, as this blessed day lights us with the light of God's sun, I bear thee no ill, but pity thee in that thy arguments might be used for pardoning a bull or reprieving a mastiff; but they shall never reconcile me to any laws with that intellectual savage calling himself Edward Sackville,—no—no—no. Were his frame convulsed with subtle and lingering Italian poison, and his end as certain as that night shall succeed this

pure, calm, bright day, I would plunge this dagger into his heart, and look there for those tablets of villainy which have divided thy friend's life between guilt and repentance."

"My Lord Bruce," said Heidon, with great firmness, "I came not here as the second of Sir Edward Sackville, who hath perilled himself thus far to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman, to be insulted."

"Insult you, Sir John—nay, nay—but my blood boils, and the foam it throws on the surface hath unwittingly fallen on you—peace between us."

"I did think myself, my Lord, injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing, without contention, those honourable offices I came for."

"I am done, Sir John," replied Lord Bruce, "but I must still reiterate my former resolution."

“ Then, my Lord, I bid you adieu—you retain that sword ; I shall carry this one back to Sir Edward Sackville.” Heidon accordingly did so, repeating almost verbatim the words of Lord Bruce.

“ The matter,” said Sir Edward, when he had heard all from his friend, “ the matter moves me not, but the manner much. Now have I eaten liberally to dinner, more so than to my remembrance I have done for a long while ; and am, therefore, unfit for such an action as must now be put beyond a jest, seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon the full stomach much more dangerous than otherwise ; nevertheless, Sir John Heidon, as thou art a true knight and valorous, certify forthwith to the Lord Bruce, that I will on the instant decide the difference between us. Let him, therefore, without one moment’s delay, meet me on horseback, only waited on

by our surgeons, they being unarmed."

Sir John took his leave, and in a few minutes delivered the message of Sackville to Lord Bruce, and in a short space the combatants were mounted for the field. Together they rode, but one before the other, some twelve score paces, about two English miles, when Sackville, to use his own language, "being verily mad with anger that Lord Bruce should thirst after his life with a kind of assuredness, seeing he had come so far needlessly to give him leave to regain his lost reputation," bade the Lord Bruce alight. "

"With all willingness," replied Bruce, and in an instant dismounted, and sprang from the high road into a meadow, which was at least ancle deep of water, though the grass floated on its surface.

"Let us bid farewell to our doublets,"

said Sackville, "and in our shirts charge each other."

"And do you, our sapient leeches," cried Bruce to the surgeons, who were advancing, "do you withdraw yourselves to a pretty distance from us."

"And as you respect our favours," added Sackville, "or your own safety, stir not, but suffer us to execute our pleasures; we being fully resolved, God forgive us! to despatch each other by what means we can." The last words were spoken as if addressed to Lord Bruce, for the parties were by this time upon the defensive.

Sackville now made a thrust at his enemy, but was short, and in drawing back his arm, he received a wound in it, which he interpreted as a reward for his short shooting; but in revenge he pressed in upon Bruce, though he then missed him also, and received in return

for this lunge, a wound in his right breast, which passed level through his body and almost to his back. In this pass the duellers wrestled—"Now for it," exclaimed Bruce, "Now for two of the greatest and dearest prizes you can ever expect trial for, honour and life."

"Honour and life be it," added Sackville, from whose arm a stream of blood ran down his hand, while his shirt was stained with the crimson tide that had begun to ooze out of the wound in his breast, and in the struggle to disengage himself as he held Bruce's sword, the little finger of his left hand was cut off to a mere tack of the skin and glove. But at last breathless, yet keeping their holds, there passed on both sides propositions to the following tenor, of quitting each other's sword :

"When amity is dead, confidence cannot live," said Sackville.

"Slave and villain!" exclaimed Bruce,

the white foam belching out upon his beard and mustachios, "is it a question with thee who should first quit his hold?"

"Then, let the law of the strongest decide," said Sackville, equally sanguinary in his purpose, and choleric in his language; and as he restrove again to disengage himself from the powerful grasp of Bruce, he resorted to a kick and a wrench together, which effectually freed his long captivated weapon, leaving him at the same time master of the Lord Bruce's sword, which, in defiance of the wound it had occasioned in the hand that grasped it, he held firmly close by the hilt. Sackville then levelled his rapier at Bruce's throat, and demanded, "if he would ask his life, or yield his sword?"

"Neither," roared Bruce, furiously, "though in this jeopardy, I do bravely deny both."

“ Nay then, time presses,” said Sackville, from whose powerful grasp Bruce could not rid his right hand, “ and I have three conduits now running from me—blood—blood—blood—thou hast shed mine, Lord Bruce, and I must ere long feel faint—seest thou my sword at thy throat?—Dost thou courageously persist not to accord to either of my propositions?”

“ Neither, neither, vile corrupter of innocence,” cried Bruce, in an agony : “ I defy thee, wretch !”

“ Then die, villian, die !” exclaimed Sackville, striking at the heart of his antagonist, but Bruce, endeavouring to wrest himself from his enemy’s grasp, caused him, in making the pass, to avoid his aim, yet the sword of Sackville passed obliquely through the unfortunate nobleman’s body ; and the knight, drawing it out again, passed it a second time through another part of the body

of Bruce, when he cried "Oh! I am slain! oh!" seconding his speech with all the force he could to throw Sackville. But being too weak, after the knight had defended his assault, he easily became the victor, laying the dead lord on his back, with a species of merciful gentleness, that in such extremities marks the conqueror's character better than actions that have resulted from much previous deliberation.

Sackville now stood over the body of his prostrate foe, and demanded, in the spirit of a cavalier and worthy knight, "if the Lord Bruce would still request his life?"

"I—I—I—I scorn it—I prize it not—oh!—ah! 'twas daggers and swords—I prize it not at so dear a rate—ah! stay, stay, subtle spark, let me curse him in the light of God's sun.—Life at thy hand, thou seducer, thou purjured miscreant—life at thy hand—oh! oh! I'll not be

beholden to thee for it—ah!” and the unfortunate nobleman fell flat on his back from the position he had risen to on his elbow and hip.

The knight, who could not forgive the language of Bruce, felt he acted nobly and worthily in scorning life; and could not find in his heart to offer him any more violence. At this instant the surgeon of Lord Bruce cried from the distance, “He will immediately die if his wounds are not stopped.”

“Shall I call your leech, my Lord?”

“Do, do—as you like,” replied Bruce.

“Sir Edward then waved his hand for the surgeon to come to his patient, and withdrew himself at the same time, saying “There is his sword, it is true, and it is mine by the conditions of our rencontre; but wound of my heart! it were inhuman to rob a dead man;” and as Sackville said this he retreated to his

own surgeon, into whose arms he instantly fell from loss of blood, his sight closing as he fainted away, and withal, as he thought, his life also. Strong water, however, and the diligence of the leech, restored the knight, who was, nevertheless, still in imminent danger; for, the Lord Bruce's surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at Sackville with the wounded lord's sword, and had not the other leech, with his knight's sword, interposed himself, Sackville also had been slain, by "the base hand of a craven artist."

Lord Bruce, not yet dead, lay weltering in his blood, and past all expectation, yet comfortable to all his former carriage, which, all things considered, was undoubtedly noble, he : cried out to his surgeon "Rascal! hold thy hand." But the determined valour of the other leech soon put his companion to the rout, so sincerely did he deal by

his patient, that not merely as a mediciner, but as a faithful squire, he stood by to frustrate the unworthy design of the fellow, who, like a snake, curled as it were in intricate mazes, ready to sting a luckless traveller, and, to hiss him in the pangs of death. Sackville's life, however, was preserved, and he was able afterwards to give the lord chamberlain of James a full, true, and particular account of all the passages in this affair of honour.

CHAP. XI.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep ;
And in his simple shew, he harbours treason.

* * * *

Upon the eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.

* * * *

Now, by the ground that I'm banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow.

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXTH.

THE sensation created at court by the news of the fatal duel, which we have described in the last chapter, was both deep and permanent. The king not only expressed his sorrow in language strong and loud, but forbade duelling, in future, under pain of his high displeasure. Yet the prohibition of the sove-

reign was not sufficient to restrain this method of deciding disputes that originated in the neglect of honourable bearing, and they who could not wipe off an affront by challenging the offender avenged themselves by means of bravoës and assassins.

The Lord Sanquhar, who was asked by Henry IV. of France, "Doth the man live" who struck out his Lordship's eye; and whom King James on a late occasion rumped for not resenting the French monarch's allusion to his descent from David Rizzio, and not from Henry Darnley, had now resolved to avenge himself on the unfortunate master of defence, John Turner, who had deprived the baron of an eye. Indeed the practice of assassination conveyed not in the seventeenth century that idea of horror which modern times have annexed to it. In the sixteenth age it was even more popular, or less abhorrent to minds

otherwise polished. Thus Buchanan relates the murders of Cardinal Beatoun and of Rizzio, without expressing those feelings which seem natural to man, or that indignation which became an historian. Knox, too, talks of the death of Beatoun, and of the Duke of Guise, not only without censure but with exultation. On the other hand, Leslie, bishop of Ross, mentions the assassination of the Earl of Murray with some degree of applause ; and Blackwood dwells upon it with the most indecent triumph, and ascribes it directly to the hand of God. While James reigned in Scotland, murders and conflagrations, the natural consequences of deadly feuds, were perpetrated, as much from the spirit of revenge as from that of plunder.

Lord Sanquhar had no sooner quitted the palace than he resolved on avenging himself on Turner, who had done

him so irreparable an injury. His Lordship had figured at the first courts in Europe, and he reasoned with himself, "Why should I consider my wrongs upon terms of Christianity, and thereby seek the paltry satisfaction of imperfect and doubtful laws? I stood upon the terms of honour with this varlet of a fencing man, and thence befell me this dishonour"—But as he reasoned thus with himself in traversing the Mall, it chanced that there met the Baron one of his retainers, by name Carlile, a man of courage and perseverance, and withal one who was affectionately attached to the Lord Sanquhar.

Carlile was about to pass on, having made his obedience to the baron; but his Lordship beckoned to him to stop, and taking him aside, "Carlile," said Lord Sanquhar, "thou hast served in some good turns of great hazard: I would thou wert still faithful?"

“ And, wherefore, should the Lord Sanquhar doubt my troth, albeit there be no great employment for a cast off soldier now a days?” demanded this ready handed ruffian.

“ Then I have work for you : know you Turner, the master of defence in White Friars?” asked Lord Sanquhar.

“ Know him !” exclaimed Carlile, his eyes glistening with joy : “ sooner shall I lack the perfect phrase of my commander than forget Jack Turner, your Lordship ; would that he were sent to the Tower through Traitor’s Gate ;—it’s an ominous defile, my Lord.”

“ Well, well, Carlile, ominous or not,” said his Lordship, “ my influence is not sufficient to send Turner to the Tower ; I would that I had some friend a mediciner, or a good stout hand at faulchion and pistolet ?”

“ As the priest of St. Thomas was hanged from the tower of his church

in chains, with his full attire, his beads, and his holy water-bucket, I am the man that will eat one arm off and fight with the other, if it may serve my noble Lord of Sanquhar," replied the determined bravo.

"Serve ! you can serve me much ; but none of your vulgar jokes about the religion of your fathers," said the baron with much gravity, for his Lordship was of the catholic religion.

"Christ forgive me ! Lord, name your ransom, and Carlile's the man will deliver you from the unprivileged rascal," quoth the voluntary assassin, drawing his hand across his throat, as if thereby to signify his purpose.

"Take thee this purse of good nobles, and let not the fellow be within the sky and the ground in four and twenty hours," said the Lord Sanquhar, putting into the wretch's hand the reward of his crime.

“ And he deserves not to be found within a mile of any christian man’s dwelling who would not serve your Lordship,” replied Carlile, taking the purse, from which he emptied the nobles, observing at the same time, “ this silken purse beareth the arms of Crichton, and may not be seen with me :” then adding, “ That fellow Turner must not live; for to my thinking the varlet hath bragg-ed of the passage between him and you, my Lord.”

“ Then deserveth he to die,” said the Lord Sanquhar: “ yet I would not on second thought the fellow were hacked with thy faulchion. I will not, however, make the least pretence of reconciliation with him; but this message thou mayst bear to him from me. If he will confess and swear he thrust not at me of purpose, and withal will forswear arms, I will pardon him.”

“ A very proper message, my Lord,”

observed Carlile somewhat ironically, adding gravely "either Turner did you wrong of set purpose or ignorantly : if the first, you have no occasion to pardon him ; if the last, that is no excuse in a master ; and therefore for revenge of such a wrong he is unworthy to bear arms, as your Lordship says."

"Besides, Carlile," said the Lord Sanquhar hesitatingly, "I would not have thee carry thy courage to the death, as deferring revenge so long argues an inveterate malice and an ill disposition."

"Your Lordship would not put up with a wrong, where upon terms of honour you might right yourself ; why therefore should you pardon where you have the power to revenge ?" asked Carlile with great deliberate coolness.

"Thy argument savours of good courage, albeit it implieth one ill-natured and revengeful," replied Lord Sanquhar.

"Then, my Lord," quoth the cautious bravo, "you had better take back these

nobles ;” and putting himself in an attitude of superior consequence and turning his hat round on his head, as much as to say ‘ I fear no man,’ he added in a firm tone, “ I was never guilty of blood, yet I have had occasion to draw my sword both in the field and upon sudden violences, and have both given and received hurts, and yet was never guilty of blood unto death premeditate till now.”

“ So I must look elsewhere for my man ?” said Lord Sanquhar with a sigh. “ Gramercie ! but friendship is scarce when a baron of three hundred years standing, and one that put divers of the Johnsons in Scotland to death, cannot find a ready hand to deal one blow !”

“ Will your honourable and worshipful presence keep aloof from White Friars, for a space, and leave the execution of your purpose to me ?” was the prompt and decisive language of Carleile ;

“ if not, my Lord, I say again take your gold, and my life will pass without contrition and confession, yours without satisfaction, or apprehension of an attainer.”

“ Do as thou wilt, Carlile,” replied his Lordship, in evident perplexity. “ Do as thou wilt, Carlile ; serve me and command me in all time to come.”

Carlile made his obeisance, ~~left his~~ Lordship, and sauntered into the city, determined on his purpose.

Before pursuing the thread of this complot to its end, we will here notice in how far the words of the King to the Earl of Salisbury were fulfilled in respect of his Majesty's boast that his love of peace was favourable to commerce ; but more especially how it procured him leisure, notwithstanding his natural indolence, to attend to the disordered state of Ireland. The reader has seen no noble

of that Island figuring at the dissolute court of James ; he has seen none of the common people of that land employed as bravos, spies, and assassins in England. The world knows that Elizabeth lived to see the final subjugation of that kingdom, but a difficult task remained for her successor ; to civilize the barbarous inhabitants, to render the conquest durable and useful to the crown of England, The first step that James took in regard to this important business, which he considered as his master-piece in politics, was to abolish the Irish customs that supplied the place of laws, and which were calculated to keep the people for ever in a state of barbarism and disorder ; the period when he achieved this salutary measure was precisely that when the unfortunate business of the Earl of Essex engaged men's minds. The Irish chieftains, whose authority was absolute, were not hereditary

but elective ; or, more properly speaking, they were established by force and violence ; and although certain lands were assigned their office, its chief profit arose from exactions, dues, and assessments, which were levied at pleasure, for which there was no fixed law.

In consequence of the Brehon law or custom, every crime, how enormous soever, was punished in Ireland, not with death, but by fine, or pecuniary mulct, which was levied upon the criminal. The Brehons, or provincial judges among the ancient Irish, were sages of a distinct family or tribe, to whom competent lands were allowed in inheritance ; and in criminal cases the Brehon had the eleventh part of all the fines, whether levied for murders, thefts, and all such like offences. Even murder, among our Saxon ancestors, was atoned for in this manner, and each man, according to his rank, had affixed

to him a certain rate or value, which if any one was willing to pay, he need not fear assassinating whatever man he disliked. Need we wonder then that the Lord Sanquhar, who had James's commission to revenge certain personal injuries on the Johnsons in his own country, who had a strong tincture of ancient prejudices about him in favour of assassination, should deem it of little consequence ; or that he might hope to escape death even if Carlile shot Turner by paying his *Eric*, for that was the name of the rate levied on nobles guilty of murder ! Thus, when Sir William Fitzwilliams, while Lord deputy of Ireland, told the chief tain Macguire that he was to send a sheriff into Fermanagh, which had been made a county a little before, and subject to the English laws ; " your sheriff," replied Macguire, " shall be welcome to me : but let me know before hand his *eric*, or the price of his head, that, if any

of my people should cut it off, I may levy the money upon the county.”

James abolished these and other pernicious customs that had obtained from time immemorial among the Irish ; he substituted English laws in their stead, governed the natives by a regular administration, military as well as civil ; and his army, which did duty in Ireland, had its pay punctually remitted from England, in order to prevent the soldiery from subsisting upon the country as had been usual in former reigns. Circuits were established, justice administered, oppression banished, and crimes and disorders of every kind severely punished. For the relief of the common people, the value of the dues which the nobles claimed from their vassals was estimated at a fixed sum, and all farther arbitrary exactions prohibited under severe penalties.

While the King was busily occupied

in these matters, Carlile sought to execute his purpose with all the deliberation of a man who was doing a virtuous action, and much unlike an assassin. He first proceeded to White Friars, where he took lodgings, and daily watched his victim till time should furnish him with an opportunity of despatching the unwary master of defence. Carlile took to his assistance a poor man named Gray, but who was also a bravo; however this Gray seemed not to be further implicated than as he was privy to Carlile's purpose. Turner's "profession," for even then this much abused word was applied to some arts which were not mere handicrafts; and the science of defence, though in the opinion of the great Lord Bacon, but an ignoble trade, was so much patronized by men of gentle blood, as to rank with that of the craft of the musician and the posture-master. The former of these, how-

ever, claimed kindred with the students, averring that the doctors at Oxford had only twenty-four letters as the tools of their trade, and the mathematicians of Cambridge only nine digits whereby to perform their calculations in numbers; whereas the noble craft of music did by seven notes give more pleasure than all arts put together; and from Harry the Eighth till the time of James, the masters of music were held in high repute. But a truce to this digression—Master Turner attended the nobility at their own houses, and instructed the younger branches of their families in the noble science of defence. It was owing to these peregrinations that Carlile could not light upon him so soon as he wished; and in the midst of this delay, he waited upon the Lord Sanquhar to impart his difficulties, yet he would not hear of his Lordship undertaking the deed himself, declaring the Baron could

with no conscience come himself to do it. When Turner came to town from a journey to the Lord Norris's, Carlile waylaid him at the gate of the White Friars, and effected his purpose, shooting the unfortunate master of defence in his own school.

The tidings of this assassination were no sooner brought to the King than he sent for the two Chief Justices, and the Chief Baron, and commanded them that there should be speedy proceeding against the Lord Sanquhar, according to law.

“ But the Lord Sanquhar is but an accessory,” said the Chief Justice, “ and therefore he cannot by law be convicted before the principal is attainted ; but if the principal could be apprehended then both might be attainted with more expedition.”

“ Good, my masters,” quoth James, “ then I'll have the principal in sure

keeping, ere he reach the frontier gates of Scotland ; mean time how shall we try the Lord Sanquhar, he being an ancient Baron of Scotland ?”

“ The Lord Sanquhar is not a peer of England, for he is no Lord of the English parliament,” replied the other Chief Justice, “ therefore he may be tried by knights, squires, or gentlemen of the commons.”

“ In what court, after the principal is attainted, will the Lord Sanquhar be tried ?” asked James.

“ In the King’s Bench, for as much as the crime was perpetrated within London, and the procurement was in Middlesex.”

“ Then he shall not be committed to the Tower,” said the King, with evident satisfaction, “ but to the prison of the King’s Bench, where he may be examined with more expedition than if sent to the Tower.”

It was then resolved that the indictment should recite *de facto*, that the principal committed the murder in London ; yet this was but an accusation, and in lieu of the King's declaration, which might be true or false ; nevertheless the indictment was thereupon drawn, upon which the Lord Sanquhar, as an accessory, was put upon his trial.

In the mean time his Majesty sent couriers to all parts of his dominions, " and the Lord so crowned his Royal thoughts," (says that great lawyer Sir Edward Coke, who so famously bullied the illustrious Raleigh on his trial,) " and gave such a blessing to his zeal and justice, that some of the couriers took Gray at the port of Harwich, ready to embark for Sweeden, and Carlile in Scotland, thinking to cross the sea for his greater safety." These unfortunate miserable men were convicted and executed in Fleet Street be-

fore the gate leading into the White Friars, the one being hanged upon a gibbet about his own length higher than the other.

The Lord Sanquhar was arraigned at the King's Bench bar in Westminster Hall, and being put upon his trial, entered into a complete history of all this transaction, acknowledging with astonishing candour the part he acted and the feelings he was influenced by, declaring he would not blemish his honour by concealing one particle of his offence, and so high an opinion did the Solicitor General, Sir Frances Bacon, entertain of his Lordship that, though he calls the execution of this nobleman "the most exemplary piece of justice that ever came forth in any King's reign," yet he said on the trial, "you, my Lord, though your offence hath been great, your confession hath been free, and your behaviour and speech full of discretion :

and this sheweth, that though you could not resist the temptation, yet you bear a generous and a Christian mind, answerable to your noble family of which you are descended."

On the Monday following, being St. Peter's day, the Lord Sanquhar was brought from the prison somewhat early in the morning, into the great Palace yard before Westminster Hall great gate, there to suffer death on a gibbet erected for that purpose, "that people in this great man might take notice of the King's greater justice." "But," says Sir Edward Coke, with a sufficient degree of hypocritical cant, "The eloquence of his discourse compelled the people to bewail his fall with great grief; but at last their compassion abated, because they perceived he died a true Catholic."

Somerset, who enjoyed the confidence of the King in a greater degree than

perhaps even the Earl of Salisbury, took advantage of the sensation created in the public mind by the fate of the Lord Sanquhar, and played his game with amazing address. But he had to encounter much opposition from Sir Thomas Overbury, the most judicious and sincere councillor ever favourite of sovereign was guided by in affairs of state. He not only diverted the public eye from gazing on his patron and discovering many specks of imperfection, but he shut the ear of the court from hearing what men said of its viciousness in sanctioning the divorce ; and he even bridled for a time the tongue of the city from talking above the breath of the King and his profligate minions.

The arrival of the Palsgrave of the Rhine to receive the hand of the Princess Elizabeth was daily expected ; and in the midst of the preparations for this royal marriage, Rochester was not

idle in carrying into effect his darling scheme. The Viscount, or more properly the Earl, for Robert Carr was now raised, as we have observed, to the Earldom of Somerset, had achieved the summit of his wishes; he had succeeded in procuring a divorce between the Earl of Essex and his Countess, with the view of marrying her himself. The Lady Frances was even more inflamed with Somerset than he could possibly be with her, and it was as much to gratify her passion as to afford a lawful pretext for its display that she sought to be separated from the young Earl of Essex. Now, however, that she was a single woman once more, the creatures of Somerset, who chaunted his praises in public places, talked of nothing but of the alliance between the Earl and the Lady Frances. Somerset, who, one would have supposed, might have acted in this matter without consulting a

third person, had already taken the advice of his pilot Overbury, in regard to the divorce, and we have seen how independently the knight cautioned his patron in all the passages of that obnoxious measure.

Dazzled with the honours heaped on him, intoxicated by the flattery he received in all places, and blindfolded by his passion for the Lady Frances, Somerset conceived the idea of having his marriage solemnized on the same day, and in the Chapel Royal, and immediately at the same time with that of the Palsgrave and her grace the Princess Royal. This idea he no sooner conceived than he imparted it to the Lady Frances, whom it charmed and bewildered. The only obstacle in the way was the royal consent, but this was looked upon of no consequence, as the parties hoped to cajole the King into their wishes by their own influence,

or at all events by that of their friends. After communicating with his mistress on their marriage, Somerset repaired to Whitehall to advise with Overbury ; for hitherto the favourite had planned every thing agreeably to his own fancy, and for the fulfilment of that plan his imagination had conjured up the means of gratification, the consent of friends, and the approbation of the King. It would have been beneath Somerser's mind to start a difficulty where every thing yielded in his presence ; and he therefore opened the matter to Overbury as he would to one of his domestics.

“ Overbury,” quoth Somerset, on entering his friend's cabinet, for Overbury officiated as the factotum of all the favourite's business of state, and the business which engaged his attention was both multifarious and important, Somerset being now principal Secretary of State, for Cecil had been advanced to the

post of First Lord of the Treasury—
 “Overbury,” quoth Somerset, “I am
 going to marry.”

“Indeed, my Lord!” exclaimed
 Overbury, affecting a surprise which he
 felt not.

“Indeed I am, Sir Thomas, and to
 the Lady Frances Howard.”

“Well, my Lord, if you do marry
 that filthy base woman, you will utterly
 ruin your honour and yourself,” replied
 Overbury, with all the bluntness of
 friendship, adding, without any regard
 as to the offence he had already given
 or the wound he might inflict, “you shall
 never do it by my consent, and if you
 do you had better look how you stand
 fast.”

“My own legs are strong enough
 and even enough, Sir Thomas, to bear
 me up,” replied the proud Earl; “but
 in faith I will be even with you for
 this.”

"And I will give your Lordship the elevation of the pole. What, my Lord, is it come to this that I am menaced? Well—there is work enough on both our hands; we have had our confederates, our cyphers and our jargons."

These words acted like magic on the temper of Somerset, and he replied in a suppressed tone, "I spake not of malice, my good friend, but only in respect of your dishonourable speech of the Lady."

"A toy—a mere bauble, my Lord," answered Overbury—"But seeing you so much do neglect my advice, my Lord; I desire that to-morrow morning we may part, and that you may let me have that portion which you know is due to me, and then I will leave you free to stand on your own legs."

"Insolent tyrant, to-morrow I shall do without you," retorted Somerset, who forthwith quitted his friend, and hastened to the Lady Frances, to whom

he disclosed the insult he had received from Overbury.

The Lady Frances was at this time residing with her uncle, the Earl of Northampton, and that nobleman, on hearing from Somerset the affront put upon him, mused for a minute and then said, "I think my Lord Somerset, you might easily get rid of him."

"And so do I," replied the Lady Frances—"There are ready handed men anon; and if all fail I'll pit my page against the scandalous upstart."

"An easier method it were," said the Earl of Northampton, "to get rid of him by sending him ambassador into the Low Countries to the Archduke."

"Send him to Muscovy, my Lord, if you like, I will pursue him with my revenge," added the Lady Frances, "and it will go hard indeed if he answer not for his insolence,"

"But my dearest Lady Frances," quoth

Somerset, "the fellow's to quit my service to morrow, and then I'll be rid of him."

"What matters it what becomes of him, my sweet Somerset," said the Lady Frances; "have you arranged for our marriage on the same day with the German and the Lady Elizabeth?"

"All, all is arranged here," replied Rochester, touching his forehead with the middle finger of his left hand.

"There!" exclaimed the Lady Frances; "but have you not got the King's consent?"

"I went to consult with Overbury on that head, but our disagreement prevented me," replied Rochester, who had not however as yet told his mistress the exact language which Overbury had used; for the guilty are always dissembling, and it was so in this instance on the Earl's part.

Northampton, whose great aim was to precipitate this match, here took up the Viscount's apology, saying to the Lady Frances, "Keep yourself perfectly easy, my dear coz, and dream of your nuptials even while you wake ; the King shall consent."

"Shall consent !" exclaimed Lady Frances ; "but will Prince Henry throw no barrier up o'er which Somerset must bound with me ?"

"I'll take care of that," replied Rochester ; "if he do, our jangles with him must be seared up."

"Sancta Maria ! nothing to the disparagement of His Highness," quoth Northampton, adding, "My Lord, if you are as good as your word you will go deeper than flashes, and set a trap for the badger ; but beware in hunting above'ground you garnish not the collar of your terrier with silver bells to make the fox bolt before you have your

mine worked, and your counter mine trenched."

"Fear not that I'll fail in my purpose," replied Rochester; "on the morrow I will accomplish all."

And on the morrow he was early at Whitehall to accomplish all. Overbury was at his desk despatching some business that belonged to his department, and the Viscount expressed some slight degree of surprise at seeing his secretary in that place.

"How now, Sir Thomas," asked Somerset, "Give you good morrow—and may I hope your opinion hath varied?"

"My Lord," replied Overbury, "you see me here to discharge my duty to you, and to myself;—there are certain parts of this correspondence relating to the Colonies, the royal marriage, the business with Spain, the Pope and the Emperor, not to mention that with

the Czar of Muscovy, and the King of Sweden, which I fear must all go through my own hands ; I began it and would end it ; no paltry consideration of a dispute shall ever hinder me doing my duty faithfully to my King, whose servant in some measure I am."

" A very wise passage indeed," observed Somerset, " and methinks your diligence and sufficiency, Sir Thomas, being known to the King, his Majesty would approve of your nomination in an embassy to the Archduke in the Low Countries, or to the Muscovite."

" In that appointment, my Lord Salisbury, and the other Lords of Council will consult the King's welfare, and not mine," replied Overbury. " Nevertheless, my Lord, you furnish new ground for me to sow the seeds of my affection which had well nigh been rooted up."

" Of that we'll talk anon," answered the Viscount, " let me have what papers

are ready for the King to sign ; and hold yourself in all readiness to be sent off on an embassage ; for I can only reward thy great merit by this piece of service." And without looking at more than the titles of the documents given him, the Viscount left his friend Overbury, and walked down to the river, where his barge lay to waft him to Hampton Court.

There the King had passed the last few days with his son Prince Henry and the Palsgrave, who entertained of his Royal Highness the highest opinion. Nor was the Prince of Wales's opinion of his illustrious brother-in-law from the Rhine one jot behind that of the Palsgrave for him. Like lovers, these young men had scarcely seen each other before their affection became love, and they discoursed of the Protestant cause with the spirit of soldiers and the zeal of reformers.

CHAP. XII.

With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did shew me
The way twice o'er!

Our compelled sins
Stand more for number than account.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

As soon as Somerset landed at Hampton Court, he was admitted to his audience of the King, and the usual compliments of the monarch and his minion having passed, James himself introduced the subject of sending an ambassador to the Archduke in the Low Countries, and afterwards to the Muscovite.

“My Lord of Somerset,” said the King, “our cousin, the Earl of Salisbury, hath been with us, and the old Admiral too, and they tell me many out-

rages have been committed now of late by the Archduke upon the States; besides, they say that divers rumours are raised concerning the Leaguer, both strange and almost universal."

"Your Majesty knows the foundation of all this combustion was laid upon the sacking of a Protestant town in Brabant."

"True, cousin, and this made grave Maurice draw out ten thousand men into the field, and some blows happened which hath left a scar to give new occasion. And, methinks, Sir Thomas Overbury is the most likely man to traffic in an embassy to the Archduke."

Somerset bowed assent to this, saying to himself, "Now have I mine enemy in my power;" and the King went on to say further, "We shall hold the wedding of our daughter on the new moon of the next month. Why, cousin, you look as large as life," observed the King;

for Somerset had drawn himself up into the attitude of a man that would make a speech, but the King stopped him by asking, "How is the Lady Frances, Bob, eh ! Kittle limmer that, Bob."

But his Majesty's pleasantry agreed not with the tone of Somerset's mind, and he secretly wished he had deferred his journey to Hampton Court till another day. The King, however, talked familiarly.

"Why, Robin," added James ; "think'st thou the twelve howdies that were empannelled found her a true maid?"

Rochester felt confounded by this question, but he had not the courage to defend his mistress ; and the King, taking advantage of his minion's embarrassment, joked on, saying,

"Why, Robin, it hath been vulgarly reported about Hammersmith, where the Lady Frances lived some months with a bawd, Turner, that she had a child ;—

you stare, man, but it was in my Lord of Essex's absence. Canna ye guess who was the father of Zebedee's children, Robin?"

"Your Majesty is pleased to be facetious," replied Somerset; "but—"

"No buts, Robin; no disparagement to the wench, either; it is a Lancashire fashion, albeit it's a heathenish one."

"Will your Majesty deign to sign these papers?" said the courtier.

"O, yes, we'll deign to sign these papers—and we'll put a tax on all bachelors, such as they ne'er were taxed with before. They're the ruins o' rotten branches, not to be cherished unless they engraft upon another tree—and get married."

"That is a disease readily cured, and I have had some thoughts of doing what your Grace alludeth to," answered the Earl.

"The sooner the better, noble cousin, get married, but get married speedi-

ly," added James; "but here comes Dr. Andrews, bishop of Winchester, with whom we are going to confer about the Puritans—Ah! and here comes Dr. Neale, bishop of Durham, pastor of the mōltēn see."

"Give your Grace, good morrow," quoth Dr. Andrews, and Dr. Neale repeated the same salutation, varying the epithet Grace into "Highness."

"Good morrow, my Lords, you come to congratulate me on the marriage that is to take place," said the King, in great good humour.

"To receive your Majesty's commands thereto," answered Dr. Andrews, with a profound bow.

"Good, sweet fathers in God, good; but here am I hampered, for a ne' fu' o' goud nobles, and cannot get a bodle," said the King, peevishly looking at Rochester at the same time, and holding out his hand as a beggar-man would in the

street—then turning to the Bishops, his Majesty asked, “My Lords, cannot I take my subjects’ money without all this formality of parliament?”

“God forbid, Sir,” answered the Bishop of Durham readily, “but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils.”

“Well, my Lord, what say you?” asked the King of the Bishop of Winchester.

“Sir,” replied the Bishop, “I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases.”

“No put offs, my Lord,” said the King sharply, “answer me presently.”

“Then, Sir,” said Dr. Andrews, “I think it is lawful for you to take my brother Neale’s money, for he offers it.”

The wit of this pleased the Sovereign as much as if Somerset had brought him a bag full of nobles, and turning to his minion, James said: “There, cousin, you that ligs with a fair dame,

company with my Lord of Winchester, and trust me he mends your parts— But how say you, my Lord of Somerset, as to the monies ?”

Somerset, a man of dull apprehension, (if ever he had any, it was destroyed by voluptuousness,) could only refer his Majesty to the Province of Ulster in Ireland, which having wholly fallen to the crown, by an attainder of rebels, the Earl judged might be divided into moderate shares, the largest not exceeding two thousand acres, and sold to some of the rich corporations, or companies in London. But the Earl had not even the merit of originality in this scheme ; as it had been digested by his factotum long before they disagreed respecting the Countess of Essex. The King and both the Bishops approved of the plan, and his Majesty, who looked only to the receipt of the money, threw his arms round Somer-

set's neck, calling him "his right eye, his dear Somerset"—repeating at the same time

*"Quisquis habet nummos, secunda navigat aura
Fortunaque suo tempore arbitrio."*

and adding, "ask me any favour, Robin, and thou shalt have it—I will not say to the half o' my kingdom, nor to the half o' my bed."

"Another time, your Majesty," said the minion, "another time."

"Another time be it," re-echoed the King; "and now, my Lords, on the new moon of the next month, her Grace is to be married to the Palsgrave; and in the mean time we'll confer about our Puritan brethren."

Somerset, who had by this time gotten all his papers signed, and who found his plans, as it were, thwarted for a moment, "kissed hands" and took his leave of King James, whom we will

also take leave of for a season, after one word respecting the Puritans.

These people formed a sect that secretly lurked in the church, but pretended not to any separate worship or discipline. They frequented no dissenting congregations, because there were none such held openly in the kingdom; uniformity in religion being thought in that age absolutely necessary to the support of government, if not to the existence of civil society, by men of all ranks and characters. But they maintained, that they themselves were the only true church; that their principles and practices ought to be established by law, and that none else deserved to be tolerated. In consequence of this way of thinking, the Puritanical clergy frequently refused to comply with the legal ceremonies, and were deprived of their livings, if not otherwise punished during the reign of Elizabeth; yet, so

little influence had these severities upon the party, that no less than seven hundred clergymen were, at the period of which we now write, leagued in a petition to the King for a further reformation of the church. On this topic we shall leave the King to descant with the two reverend Bishops—Somerset is the hero of our tale, him, therefore, we follow.

As the favourite passed through the groined archway that leads from the second or middle quadrangle of the palace, to the Fountain Court, his eye caught the Prince of Wales pointing out to the Palsgrave the arms of Henry VIII. impaled with Seymour, and emblazoned with the initials H. I. united by a true lover's knot, and adorning very conspicuously the outer wall of the chapel. But that which greatly amused the Palsgrave, and in which the Prince of Wales took more pleasure, was

the pure water running into a cistern of marble, from the Combe Conduit. This conduit, he explained to the Palsgrave, was the work of Cardinal Wolsey, and conveyed the water from a great distance, passing under the Hog's-mill river, near Kingston, and under the Thames, a little to the east of the palace.

"Now," said Somerset to himself, "these gallants are proceeding to the wilderness; I must meet them as they enter the maze; it will be a favourable time to shew the Palsgrave my authority"—and with this intention he cut obliquely across the pleasure grounds, till he came directly to the crescent entrance front of this curious labyrinth.

Prince Henry, on seeing the Viscount thus alone, and at such a place, asked "how he came there as a private person, seeing he could command a guard of his own choosing?"

“By the same rule that your Grace comes unattended,” replied the favourite.

“Brief and befitting, my Lord,” interrupted Prince Henry, “it were a convenient spot this for Abelard and his Eloisa—How think you, my Lord of Somerset?”

This question recalled to Somerset’s mind a scene he had forgotten, in the eternal changes he passed through both in pleasure and in business—and he was about to reply, when the Prince of Wales stopped him by saying, “Does your Lordship not think this maze would suit a conjuror well?”

“Your Grace fishes in light and dazzling apparel,” replied Somerset.

“O! ho!” exclaimed the Prince, “then my clothing shall be of dusky colour; has your Lordship studied the astrological elections for angling?” Then turning to the Palsgrave, his Highness,

to divert the discourse, which he really wished not to be serious, said, " the rules of this aquatic exercise are thus enjoined upon me by an ancient Israelite, in Lambeth:

" If you would Neptune's scaly subjects get,
 Night's horned queen in the mid-heaven set,
 Thence let her on the Paphian Goddess shine
 I' the West, and greet her with a friendly trine,
 Be sure you always fortify the East,
 And let the maiden star possess the West.

Here follows," continued the Prince,
 " a long story about the zodiacal signs,
 which, having attended to with all due
 astrological care,

Then may you boldly venture to the flood,
 And take from thence what fishes you see good."

The Palsgrave, who had paid some attention to the English language, could understand, in general, the import of these angling rules, though their application posed him considerably ; but

accustomed to the railleries of young men, and the freedoms Princes exercise over their minions, he very gravely observed, and with much simplicity, "De Piscator was de crafts master, of all country and all age, and de Sargus was one ver lascive fish that

"Goes courting te she-goat on de grassy shore,
Homing der husband dat had horn before."

"Excellent well, my brother," cried the Prince of Wales, "and you have made good English of Du Bartas' language—How like you the verse, my Lord Somerset?"

"Your Grace angles with a jury of flies likely to betray and condemn all the trouts in the river," replied Somerset; adding, "I forgot that in this month fishermen angle with the wasp-fly."

"Why, for your eels, my Lord, we should sniggle or bob them even now," said Prince Henry, sharply tapping the

hilt of his sword, and if we meet with dace or roach, the young brood of wasps, having their heads dipt in blood, are an excellent bait: Great Lord, adieu.” —And his Royal Highness, taking the arm of the Palsgrave, entered the maze, leaving Somerset at its entrance.

The favourite would have followed to take vengeance on the King's son, for the taunts he had thrown out at his expence ; but Philip Herbert came blustering up, winding his horn with all his might, to signify to the Prince of Wales that he was at hand. Somerset stepped behind a bushy dingle, that grew on one side of the entrance to the labyrinth, while Herbert passed on, that he might not betray the emotion he felt, and then hastening, with what composure he could, to the palace, he received some trifling commands from his Majesty, and entering his splendid barge,

gave vent to his chagrin in curses deep and bitter.

Every thing, ever since he had the day before talked to Overbury, seemed to go cross with him; and he found his plans overthrown, before they were even entered upon. In a sullen mood he bade Coppinger fill him a cup of wine, which he drank off at a draught, and as he took the cup from his lips and fetched his breath, he said mournfully, "I wish I could make all my enemies vanish as readily;—fill the cup again, Coppinger—hold—see you not 'tis full;—are you too witched—your health Coppinger; I would I could serve you according to your desert; more wine Coppinger, I drink this to her I love best, though last not least; I do believe I am witched to have drank the Lady Frances after your health, Coppinger—But what boots it—I am ill, very ill; and what is worse,

I have been used ill," concluded the Viscount, with great bitterness of style and manner.

"He lives not, bating the King, till Holy Cross, that uses you ill, my Lord"—replied the bravo, laying his hand on a dagger he wore in his belt.

"Ha! sayest thou so, my guardian Mercury!" exclaimed Somerset.

"Craving pardon, under correction, that I might know my man or woman either, and there was never a sluth hound pursued with full cry, that ran down his game sooner than I will pistol, poison, or stiletto him or her," said Coppinger, suppressing his voice, that the rowers forward in the barge might not hear.

"Time enough, my good Coppinger," answered Somerset, squeezing his bravo's hand, in token of confidence and friendship—"drink thee to our better fortune—By the way, how does

Mistress Turner?—Coppinger, we shall revel it to-night in Paternoster Row.—But I must land at Whitehall—I'll lay me down in my cloak, and sleep till we row down the river—Be thou on the look out."

When Somerset landed at Whitehall, his first business was to find Sir Thomas Overbury, to whom he delivered whatever papers belonged to his office, and with whom he then entered into conversation as if no harsh words had ever passed between them.

"Sir Thomas," said the Earl, "it is very likely you may be appointed to an embassy; I have this day used my influence with his Grace, at Hampton-Court, and your appointment may, therefore, be hourly expected."

"How much I stand obliged to you for your countenance and favour, I have already declared," answered the Knight. "How dutiful and ready I

have been to perform all your commands, you know; what I spoke was out of purest affection."

"Of that anon, Overbury; thou hast often endeavoured to avert my mind from its pursuits; and the mood of some Lords might turn thy zeal to envy, and tax thee with being hurtful and disparaging—I, on the other hand, again profess greatest kindness, and to do nothing without thy opinion, save and except to get married—and on the same day, in the same chapel, and at the same altar, with the Palsgrave and the Lady Elizabeth!"

Overbury, who hardly believed himself awake as these exulting words fell on his ear, was a few moments in recovering his astonishment; but having done so, he besought Somerset to consider well to what great honours and large revenues he had risen, and was daily in expectation of others, and not

to cast all these away upon a woman that was noted for her injury and immodesty."

"Powers of oblivion confound thy utterance!" exclaimed the favourite. "Art thou again reproaching me, and vilifying the Lady Frances Howard.--Keep thy tongue between thy teeth, and if thou wilt speak, Overbury, talk to me of aught else."

Overbury, who knew his power, and that Rochester could not hold his place one day, without his guidance, was resolved to exert all his influence with the Viscount, to dissuade him from this match, and as the fashion of the times allowed language that would now be deemed fit only for stable-boys, and coal-heavers; he, therefore, again entreated Somerset "to consider the condition of the person of whom he spoke, the manner of her carriage from her youth, her present conversation, the

many crimes, dishonours and dislikes that are, and have been, attendant upon her."

"Now, all this savours mighty well of thy Puritanical soul, good Sir Thomas," replied Somerset; "but were it not better you went home to your Gabriella, whose virginals can best soothe your sour disposition.—By my troth, any man, but myself, would give you in keeping of Sir William Wade."

"Will your Lordship look over these memoranda," said Overbury, as if tired of remonstrating with his patron; "I think they contain all the points to be touched on with the Muscovites;—and this paper, on it I have noted the items of charge for the marriage of her Grace."

"Ah! that indeed, Overbury," exclaimed the Earl, "the memoranda I dare say are all memorable enough, such as those Northern bears need—but the

items of charge are the gods, I'll make the fiddler's son draw a long bow to"—and as the Viscount spoke these words, he left the cabinet of Overbury.

Coppinger who had dogged his master from the royal stairs, at the river's brink, where the barge was rowed in, to the door of Overbury's cabinet, had caught that door as it closed, and by means of a screen which hung round its inside, to keep the draught from blowing directly on the occupant, concealed himself during the dialogue we have recorded. This piece of address put the bravo in possession of several important secrets which in future he managed as suited his purpose. By the time Rochester had put his business in train with Overbury, Coppinger withdrew himself from his hiding-place, and was in readiness at the stair-foot to attend upon his master.

“ Now, Coppinger,” said the Vis-

count, "we take barge down the river to Blackfriars, we'll land there, and then for our charmers."

Coppinger bowed, and followed his master to the barge, from which in about fifteen minutes, they were landed at Blackfriars, and proceeded up the bye-ways to Ludgate, and thence to Paternoster-Row, to the house of Mistress Turner.

"Sweetest Somerset," exclaimed the Lady Frances, as her paramour entered her presence, "and has the King consented?"

"A plague on all business," replied the Earl, "and on all meddling knaves too;"—adding with a sorrowful countenance, "of all the ill-luck that ever befel me, this day's is the worst."

"Sweet Lord! be not downcast; they shall rue their words that have offended you. Has Overbury been again opposing his inordinate jangles? Did the King

say, No?" demanded the Lady Frances, in great perturbation; the colour leaving her cheek, while her eyes flashed scorn.

"Overbury's hatred and contempt I can get rid of; but the King's satirical tongue I can never escape, till I have well feathered my nest," replied the haughty favourite.

The Lady Frances now proceeded to draw, bit by bit, from the Viscount, the exact words which Overbury had used, and also the terms of reception given him by the King, with the purport of the satire his Majesty played off at his expense. Her rage now knew no bounds; she would neither listen to the temporising schemes of Somerset, nor would she pity the tears of Mistress Turner, who besought her "to give his Lordship but time, and he would avenge his quarrel and hers like a noble gallant." Lady Frances left Paternoster-Row attended only by her page, and in disguise she

traversed Ludgate-Hill, crossed the Fleet, sought her way through the throng that nightly filled Fleet-Street, to serenade the damsels of Salisbury-Court, and the White-Friars. She passed through the gate of the Friars, and entered the Temple-Gardens, avoiding as much as possible, the observation of such as were wending their way from a revel and masque, which the benchers, under the sanction of the Master of the Temple, had that night given to the students of law from Gray's Inn. Lady Frances, in avoiding Essex's house, which stood immediately without Temple-Bar, crossed into St. Clement's church-yard, through Lyon's-Inn, and eventually reached the mansion of the Earl of Northampton, at Charing-Cross.

Just as the large gate opened to receive her, Coppinger joined Billy Weston, and these "worthies" entered at the same time. The Lady Frances

rushed to the cabinet of Northampton, whom she found closetted with a priest, who had travelled all the way from Rome, to Calais, on foot, with a special and private message from the Pope, to the noble Earl. Northampton was not long in dispatching his business with the messenger from Rome, whom he then gave in charge to his maitre d'hôtel, and was now prepared to receive the complaints of his niece. Lady Frances then detailed, with all force of language, the conduct of Overbury, and that of his Majesty, the King, declaring the former was no longer worthy to live, and the latter unworthy of being served by a Howard.

“Well, fair cousin,” said the Earl, “we must even get rid of Overbury, and that will not be long; for my lord Treasurer has been with me within this hour, and has his Majesty’s commands

for Sir Thomas to go as an ambassador into the Low Countries."

"Never, never shall he leave England alive," exclaimed the Lady Frances; "I have the power and the will to grant a commission of provost-martial, if my own page should dispatch him like a cut-purse."

"Let us have thy page in our presence, my dear coz, and we'll fathom his ingenuity for such a device," said Northampton.

The Lady Frances applied her cat-cul to her lips, and Weston soon appeared, but not alone, for he was attended by Coppinger.

"How, sirrah! how comes it you bring there your drunken companions?" demanded the Earl; for Coppinger was wrapped up in a long cloak, after the Italian fashion, and his slouched hat hid the upper part of his countenance.

"So please you," replied Weston, "this is my Lord of Somerset's Master of Horse—

"What, Coppinger!" exclaimed the Lady Frances, "Coppinger," she exclaimed again.

"Even so, your servant," answered the Master of Horse, an appointment which the fellow had received of late; and which he was well calculated to execute for such an employer as Somerset. And he went on to state, "I would not unbuckle my dagger-belt to-night, fair Lady, nor unprime this pistol till I had one word in secret with you."

"Knows Weston your secret?" demanded the Lady Frances.

"Bill Weston's one that won't budge more than a moss trooper at the gibbet," answered Coppinger; "and as I couldn't do without him, I have even let him into the matter."

“ Then out with it, Coppinger ; and on thy bare knees, Master Weston,” said the Lady Frances, “ pray thou mayest never divulge this.”

Weston bowed low ; the term “ Master” which the Lady had applied to him, had more of confidence than of familiarity, and it was in some measure dubbing him with a title to be so styled in Northampton’s presence.

Coppinger then commenced his discourse with a full relation of “ all the passages,” as he termed them, that had befallen his master, the Earl of Somerset, that day. The Earl of Northampton and the Lady Frances listened with profound attention, as the Master of Horse proceeded ; but when he paused at his Lord’s arrival at the crescent-entrance of the Maze at Hampton-Court, and seemed to hesitate whether he should proceed, Northampton gravely said, “ No shuffling, Coppinger ; there is

something there worse than thou hast told us yet."—For of what passed between the King and Rochester, Coppinger was totally ignorant.

The Master of Horse then said, that at the Maze, his Lord encountered the Prince of Wales and the Palsgrave; and in relating the conversation that passed, he made a few additions, at such points of the text as wanted force, and concluded by saying: "Here I stood, jammed up between two silver thorns, on my right a holly bush, on my left an old stump of a tree; there stood his Highness, there the Palsgrave, and there my Lord of Somerset, and there ran Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery."

The Lady Frances was pale with anger, but perfectly collected and cool in her inquiries, which were even teasing and minute; but she thereby gathered up many fragments of the dis-

course between the Prince and her Paramour, which the latter very gallantly chose to forget. Coppinger having discharged what he termed "his duty," the Lady Frances gave him a valuable ring, bearing the letters F. H. and all the money her purse contained. The Earl of Northampton took from a hook in the wall, a very fine dagger that had belonged to a Spanish captain, and gave it to Coppinger, saying, as he presented it—"When I require the use of thy hand, Coppinger, use me this bit of Toledo steel."

Coppinger bowed, stuck the dagger within his belt, pocketed the gold, and attached the ring to a brooch that fastened the ruff round his neck.

"Now you may go get supper," said the Earl, "but get not drunk, my masters." For the disclosure which Coppinger had made, was of far more importance than what had fallen out re-

specting Overbury. This last Northampton could dispatch by the hand of a bravo any night ; but to be the theme of derision—the noble family of the Howards to be the laughing stock of Henry Stuart—the taunt of the Palsgrave—these were matters of high and deep import to the noble Houses of Suffolk and Northampton.—The Earl's resolution to ascertain the ability of the page to enact the part of provost-martial towards Sir Thomas Overbury, was dissipated by the breath of the Master of Horse.

The Lady Frances expressed herself in womanly terms, respecting Rochester, whom she accused of not dealing fairly by her ; in that he concealed any part of what had happened to him. The Earl of Northampton, however, reasoned that the Viscount concealed these passages merely from a tenderness to her feelings ; and after a good

deal of persuasion, Lady Frances seemed satisfied that "her dear Somerset" had not been so much to blame. After much waste of words on the same topics, the insult offered, and the necessity of revenge, the Lady Frances retired to her chamber. Her waiting-woman led the way, and as they reached the door, Billy Weston shewed himself standing in a recess in the wall, beside a figure of Somnus, which had been placed there when this noble mansion was built.

"How now, Weston, how came you thither, Sirrah?" Demanded Lady Frances, in a violent passion, which though assumed, seemed to terrify her female attendant, while it only elicited the more ready reply from the pert page.

"Madam, I have a message for your private ear," answered Weston.

"Come into our chamber, Sirrah,

and deliver thy speech briefly ;" said Lady Frances, " and do you, Cicely, walk into my 'tiring room."

Weston then took from his bosom, where it was hid, the petition that had been entrusted to him by Franklin, the Archbishop's cook. " This paper," said the page, " I received from one that wishes well to the House of Howard, and he would that it were presented to my Lord of Somerset."

" From whom, Sirrah, received you this?" demanded the Lady Frances: " and did the writer hint that I should be used to present it to the Lord Somerset?"

" So please your Ladyship," replied Weston, " the petitioner is one Franklin, of two-fold trade, being heretofore a vender of simples, but at the present, cook to my Lord of Canterbury."

" Ah!" exclaimed the Lady Frances, " and what petitions he for?"

“A trifle, a bit of furze-land, and some mud cottage in Lancashire,” answered Weston, adding with apparent reverence—“He is a precise dainty fellow, that for his honest scruples loves the bosom of mother church, where plenary indulgence and remission may give his hand freedom with a knife, or in the compost of comfits, whereof he that eateth shall that day, for the last time, use his beard for a tooth-pick case.”

“Why, Sirrah, thy head resembleth a belfry, and thou ringest seditious matters in our ears,” said the Lady Frances, somewhat appalled by the cool and assassin language used by her page.

“Madam,” interrupted Weston, “if you will endure the unshamefaced speeches of my young Master, Harry the Ninth, I’ll go learn falsehood and cozenage, to deceive and play the hypocrite ; to coz, to lie, and falsify.”

“ Hold, Sirrah, hold,” cried Lady Frances, “ I do you wrong ; but plainly what would you ? ”

“ That your sweet Ladyship would learn to jest, to laugh, to fleer, to grin, to nod, to mew at all bully Hall doth, and his pursie father says, even as a citizen’s wife at a masque upon God’s holiday ; when she goes to the Globe and the Blackfriars, to see what king plays without cuffs, and his queen without gloves, who rides post in stockings, and dances in boots.”

“ Gramercie ! boy, the stage lacks an ornament, while I detain thee, my page ; and methinks, thou’dst make a magistrate of wit, for Will Shakespeare’s Merry Wives ;—but what would’st thou with me more ? ”

“ Madam, I’m dull of apprehension, or unintelligible in tongue,” said Weston.

“ Neither, Sirrah,” replied the Lady

Frances, " but plainly what would'st thou, I must to my 'tiring-woman."

" Nay, stay, my sweet Lady, undertake to present this to my Lord, with your all powerful 'suasion, and that bawd to the mouth may be made useful in my purpose."

The Lady Frances taking the paper from Weston's hand, asked him, " Thy purpose, what dost thou purpose, Sirrah?"

"Look ye, Madam, let Martin Franklin be satisfied in regard to his petitioning; let my Lord of Rochester beg a place for him of le maitre queux, and trust me before Candlemas, your Ladyship's maligners whew not at the children's action, nor whistle at the roaring girls, nor mew at the passionate speeches, when

"They grace you with a chair upon the stage,
And take no money of you, nor your page."

" Now speak you plainly," said the

Ex-Countess, who had by this time imbibed the spirit and ease of her page ; “ but bethink you, Weston, my dear boy, of the blasphemy both of heaven and earth you have this night made, and the treason thou hast committed in imagining wrong of Harry Stuart— Yet thy proposal savours of my own stratagem, but thou art incautious, and Cicely must have heard thy speech, yet I think she is faithful.”

“ Gramercie ! Madam, if Cicely will not learn with me to murther, slay, pick, steal, rob and rove for your Ladyship’s good, and good name ; by God, Madam, she shall never exercise her legs with me in the noble science of heathen devilrie, and I’ll let all secrets out of her between the paps, as game-some as a royal chorister would de-virginate his grandame.”

“ Peace, Sirrah, and mouth no un-chaste puns of thy vagabond playmates

for sport to us.—Get thee gone,—Be with us betimes in the morning.”

Weston knelt, kissed his Lady’s hand and left the room; but he had another duty to discharge, and therefore posted himself behind the statue of Somnus, awaiting the exit of Cicely.

“Cicely,” quoth Lady Frances, as the ’tiring-woman undressed her Ladyship, “thou hast rosemary in thy bosom. Wearest thou that to strengthen thy memory, or hath some of thy friends been married, or is any one dead belonging to thee?”

“’Twas sent me from Staffordshire—my Lady—my cousin Heywood’s married”—replied Cicely.

“Good, Cicely, good: heardst thou aught Weston talked of? speak truth, and shame the devil.”

“Partly, I did; but what passes in your Ladyship’s ’tiring and bed-cham-

bers, my tongue can ne'er reveal—
Weston's a pert boy

That with little beard, a long black cloak,
With a starch face and supple leg, has spoke
Before the plays this twelvemonth,

and where pipers are piping, and belles
giggling, he can skirmish among the
throng of prettie Mopsies and loving
Bessies as well as ere a child of the
chapel, enacting the Lord of Misrule."

"Beshrew me, Cicely, thou'st learned
the stage horn-book, as well as Dance
cluter de pouch, and banny kyn booby,"
said the Lady Frances.—"Canst thou
be faithful? I'm very wearied, and would
these taper stays were unlaced—*Des-
pechez vous*"—

"As silent as death;—your Ladyship's
gowns must have more stuffing near
the shoulders, and for your stays, they
wont now finish in a neat extended
point,"—replied the 'tiring woman, who

in the true spirit of her office, complained that "The rogues' tongues left no lady's attire unapproached. There, Madam, I would have you put on that fardingale anon—its an useful guard infant"—

"Hussy, art thou become as unlicensed in speech, as thy gallant Weston?—I'll live at Hammersmith till Lady-day next, sooner than screen myself with any Spanish petticoat," said Lady Frances.

"Cry you, mercy, my Lady Mistress, but the invention befits bulky hips, better than any cover infant that came in fashion since Vere, Earl of Oxford, 'tired Elizabeth's hands with Italian gloves."

"Gramercie! Cicely, but thou art a chronicler. Come hither, child," continued the Lady Frances, opening a cabinet and taking from it some double gold pieces—"Take thee these, Cicely,

go learn to starch, 'twill cost thee four or five pounds, and twenty shillings mayhap, to know how the starch is seethed—Thou must be apt, Cicely; now that our ruffs, thin as a spider's web, reach the upper part of the head behind, and the poking of them graceful, serveth as character for any 'tiring woman."

Cicely curtsied, smiled, reddened, and opened her lips in an expression of "O!—" she would have added, perhaps, some sacred name, but was stopped by the Lady Frances, who said, languishingly, "Cicely, what would you give to see your poor lady mistress married to Lord Somerset on the same day with Elizabeth Stuart to the German lairdie?"

Cicely could not speak, tears of joy, delight, and gratitude filled her eyes; and the Lady Frances having bade her again say "what she would give to see her lady mistress married at the same

altar with the Princess Royal?" the astonished serving-woman exclaimed, "All the pearls that bedizened Elizabeth's three thousand complete habits, if I had them."

"Well, Cicely, it would be a queen's gift indeed ; on my wedding-day, thou shalt dress me in new chopines, with heels so high that they would scorn to bruize a daisy flower ; white silk hose, made at London Bridge, these ancles shall cover, Cicely ; a smock, the one half o't Holland fine, the other o' needle-work, thou'lt put on me that morning, Cicely ; a safe-guard o' white silk in place of your screen unlicenced pregnancy fardingale, shall I wear, Cicely ; and over my gown of rose-coloured silk, I'll wear a green mantle shot with silver threads ; an oblong collar of gold and jewels shall bedeck this swan bosom, my Cicely ; and the pearls pendant in my ears shall pillow on these full breasts that shall heave

in joy and envy, Cicely, while we dry up our tears with a kerchief worked with beaten gold, my Cicely. There now, give me my damask night gown, furred, and be with me early in the morning—good night, Cicely.”

“God o’ heaven bless your sweet ladyship,” said Cicely, quitting the apartment.

Weston glided from the alcove he was hid in, seized Cicely’s hand, frowned, put his finger on his lip, then pointed to his dagger, and conducted her to a distant part of the building, where a company of waiting-men and serving-women were holding a midnight revel. There we will leave them, while we attend to matters of higher importance.

CHAP. XIII.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all admiring with an inward wish,
You would desire the king were made a prelate.

KING HENRY V.

It is matter of historical truth, that early in Elizabeth's reign, the parliament revived those statutes which separated all ecclesiastical affairs from the pope's jurisdiction, and that the Roman Catholic priests vented their resentment in sermons so uncharitable and disrespectful, that all performance of religious service, unless licensed, was ordered to cease. A conference held in Westminster Abbey between the teachers of both religions, ended in the Catholics protesting

against bringing so solemn a matter as a national religion before any tribunal unauthorized by a papal decree. Parliament soon after enacted that the service should be read in the *English* liturgy throughout the kingdom ; and the Queen found it as difficult to restrain the popular zeal of the Protestants, as to guard against the secret machinations of the recusants. The monks returned for the most part to the occupations of a secular life, and the nuns chiefly retired to the continent. Not a drop of blood as yet was spilt, nor an estate confiscated. The priests were permitted to marry, the images were removed, the supremacy of the crown was established, and the hard names " heretic " and " papist " were forbidden. The high commission court, which gradually became an evil of the first magnitude, sprung up from that act which allotted the supremacy to the Queen, and the Earls of Shrews-

bury and Derby, with others, made their first visitation in the diocese of York "to disperse the loyal injunctions among the people, to examine, and if necessary, to proceed by ecclesiastical law against them."

But Elizabeth secretly loved the pomp of the Romish service, for she retained in her church ordinances some of those vestments which her brother Edward had dismissed. These, together with her ecclesiastical restraints, met with opposition from the Puritans, whose zeal for political liberty terrified her majesty into a perfect hatred of their tenets and persons. To suppress, or at least check, their growing power, she encouraged the high commission court. A declaration of faith, which she caused to be published, disgusted the Puritans. The great deficiency, both of loyalty and literature, which existed when Archbishop Parker visited his diocese, may

be gathered from this, that he directed that no more mechanics and tradesmen should be ordained! The Puritans held not the admissibility of the apocrypha, and stood by starving and idle, while the bishops admitted into the church, pluralists, non-residents, and lawyers. The universities could afford but little help to the church, for at Oxford the good preachers were all Puritans. But the plague of 1563, turned men's minds from polemics; and in the year following, the aurora borealis frightened the populace. In places remote from the capital, some clergymen ministered in a surplice, some without; some with a square cap, and some with a round cap; some with a button cap, and some in a round hat; some in scholar's clothes, some in others. But this evil was remedied by withdrawing the licenses from all the clergy, and restoring them only to such as conformed to dress in the four-cor-

nered cap, the tippet, and the scholar's gown.

In 1566, the Puritans separated finally from the church, and attempted in the following year, under pretence of celebrating a wedding in Plumber's Hall, to establish their prophesying assemblies. Elizabeth's illness in 1568, gave encouragement to the Catholics, who began now to recollect a prophecy which intimated that their adversary's reign would only be twelve years, and the consequence was, that in Lancashire, churches were shut up by force, and the popish ritual publicly used. In the year following the good Bishop of Winchester actually broke down the gates of Corpus Christi and New College, Oxford, that he might purge these ill-affected societies of Catholics. The commons wished some years afterwards for a reform, but were checked by the Queen ; they were, however, very generally Puritans ; yet

the prophecyings were repressed, but Puritanism throve amain, and the poor Anabaptists only suffered of all the reformers. The high commission court enquired into all manner of "heretical opinions," "seditions," and "talks," by any means or ways, certainly including rack and torture. The Puritans determined to seek redress from the Parliament in 1584, and the Commons would have brought the Church of England to the Puritan level, had not Archbishop Whitgift compelled the Queen to prevent every parish ordaining its own clergyman. The press was shackled, and the Puritans printed their works abroad. The stake and the gallows silenced some heretics; but new doctrines were daily broached, for the spiritual courts were somewhat curbed; yet were the Puritans active in the circulation of the most cutting satires levelled against the Con-

formists, the Parliament, and even her Majesty.

Such was the state of religion in England when James the First came to the throne. In Scotland, his native country, the public mind was still more agitated by that first and last concern of mortal man. The stroke which slew Cardinal Beaton in 1546, proved fatal to the Papal church in Scotland, but the courts of justice for some time were possessed by its zealous disciples. Sir David Lindsay prepared the way for John Knox, who thundered against the profligacy of the priests, in defiance of the bishops and the intolerance of the times. The Scottish Parliament was perfectly disposed to establish the Protestant faith, the Papal authority was abolished, and the church service was no longer read in Latin. In England, the governing powers were the chief actors in the

change of the prevailing religion; in Scotland, the first movers of innovations, in points of religion, were found among the lower orders of the people. The eloquence of Knox was adapted to the unpolished minds of his hearers, who admired his principles, and partook of his intrepidity. Both bishops and their cathedrals were brought to the same undistinguished level. The nobles and gentles of the times headed their respective sects or vassals, to demolish the venerable abbey churches, to cast the "Bible o' catholics" into the fire, and to ship for Holland the lead, bells, jewels, and ornaments, of which the stately edifices of religion, and its indolent, but unoffending ministers, had been despoiled. Rapacious laymen seized all the church lands whose revenues were not allotted to national and beneficial uses. But the Presbyterian clergymen were poor; for what the land owners had not seized of

the church revenues, were still held by popish ecclesiastics. The baptism of James, by the ritual of Rome, gave much displeasure to the Protestant clergy, an assembly of whom deposed the Bishop of Orkney for having wedded Queen Mary to the Earl of Bothwell; and cited the Countess of Argyle to do penance in the chapel at Stirling, for having been present at the papistical baptism of the Prince of Scotland. The artful regent, Morton, by seizing the revenue, or thirds, which the clergy still held, drove the priesthood into eternal irreconciliation. But the Scottish reformers made war equally on superstition and taste; the cathedral of Glasgow, the only relique of ecclesiastical splendour in Scotland at the present time, was decreed, by the Gothic eloquence of the ferocious Andrew Melville, to be demolished; and the magistrates actually collected masons, quarriers, and other labourers around

the Close, to commence the work of destruction. The great bell gave the signal for the ruin to begin ; but at that moment the Crafts rushed out to arms, placed themselves gallantly round the altars of their fathers, and vowed that the first man who touched the sacred walls of their city's ornament and pride, should be buried in the ruin he had made. The young Prince applauded this conduct of the Crafts ; and Balcanquel, a bold preacher, spoke of the King's conduct with unseemly harshness, declaring that Popery had entered the country and the court, and was maintained in the King's hall by a champion called *Grace*. James supported Episcopacy, but the " Raid of Ruthven,"*

* James had in Scotland, and when he was yet a young Prince, favourites that embroiled their country ; and an interference of one of these, the Earl of

altered the face of affairs, and the turbulent preachers were again triumphant. The young Prince, however, soon re-

Arran, in ecclesiastical matters, roused the nobles of the land to discontent and remonstrance. The barons knew that James received from these favourites lessons of despotism, which he only wanted opportunity to practice: they saw the most oppressive of the feudal tenures revived, and severe fines levied on land owners for trifling errors; they observed that Elizabeth's friendship was slighted; they dreaded the renewal of ruinous wars; they consulted together without distinction of party, and determined to apply a sure though bitter remedy. Hence originated the *Raid of Ruthven*.

The King was engaged in a hunting party, his best beloved diversion, at Ruthven Castle, whither the love of sport had allured him; he was surprised to see a long train of nobles enter his bedchamber at an early hour in the morning, and after receiving a strong remonstrance on the follies and faults of his minions, Arran and Lenox, to find the barons firmly demanding the dismissal of two persons whose inexperience, they averred, would ruin the realm of

gained his authority,† the odious and profligate Earl of Arran was replaced, and the power of the church was restrained by the vigour and secrecy of the “Lords of Articles.”—Universal

Scotland. James listened patiently, but, with a childish dislike to reprehension, pressed to be gone, and on finding his way obstructed, burst into tears.

“Better,” said the stern tutor of Glamis, “better that bairns should weep than bearded men.” The severity of this apophthegm was never forgotten by the terrified monarch, who instantly, though sadly, yielded to the dismissal of his minions. Arran was imprisoned in Stirling Castle, Lenox was compelled to depart the realm; and an embassy from Elizabeth confirmed the wavering James in his submission to the “Raid of Ruthven,” as this revolution is named in Scottish history.

† Angus and Glencairn, with the rest of the lords of the “Raid,” were now imprisoned or exiled; nor could the subtle Walsingham who was at the head of the English embassy, soften the hardened and profligate heart of James who was again governed by the fierce and unprincipled Arran.—*Hist. Anec.*

consternation seized both the shepherds and their flocks on being told that it was high treason to refuse acknowledging the jurisdiction of the Privy Council, and a capital crime to hold any assembly civil or ecclesiastical without the King's permission. A new revolution in the national opinion restored the exiled preachers, and on James's coming of age, at twenty-one, the whole of the church lands, except such as had been granted away, were settled on the King and annexed to the crown. Prayers were said for the unfortunate Mary confined in Fotheringay Castle by Elizabeth, but such was the bigotry of the times that many of the preachers would not deign to supplicate Heaven, "to illuminate her mind with the light of truth, and save her from the apparent danger into which she was cast,"—for that was the sum total of the modest petition which the King di-

rected to be said in behalf of his mother in all the churches of the capital.

The vast preparations of the Roman Catholics, induced the Presbyterians to bind themselves by a national covenant to defend their religion, and the person of their king from all enemies, domestic and foreign; and the Jesuits, who at this period swarmed in Scotland, were pursued with speedy and obnoxious persecution. The Presbyterian clergy, were rough, ill-bred, disgusting, but well-intentioned men, and hence the frequent mobbings they gave their king, even in his palace of Holyrood. James accordingly altered his plan of subduing them, by persuading the assemblies to lay restrictions upon themselves, while he enjoyed the privilege of nominating ministers for the principal towns; and fifty-one persons were to represent the clergy in parliament. The King remitted all the errors

of the petulant preachers concerning the new form of ordination; and to prevent the nation being swallowed up by popery and atheism, it was determined with laudable perverseness to fast the two last Sundays of June, and to double the severity with which the Roman Catholics were treated. Such was the state of religion in the King's native country at the opening of the seventeenth century.

The supremacy of the crown had been originally maintained in the successive reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth; on the accession of the former every person in office was made to resign his commission, and provide himself with a new one, in the name of the young king; and till the last hour of the latter, the supremacy of the church was a source of perpetual vexation to her Commons and people. The bishops were not exempt from this su-

premacv, and she mulcted the unoffending Catholics annually, by selling them licences and dispensations from attending the Protestant service. In short, Elizabeth set free what was limited by statute ; made void any clause inserted by that very dispensing power she assumed ; and lived in the hearts of her people as a species of absolute divinity, whose royal prerogative was neither to be canvassed, disputed, nor examined.

This was the princess whom James came to succeed in political, civil, and ecclesiastical government.—As respected the last, he yielded to none of his ministers, or bishops, and prided himself no less on his polemics, than his predecessor did on her beauty. The several parties in religion scattered throughout England, looked with varied hopes and fears to the new king, and he flattered himself that in a grand council of the Non-conformists or Puri-

tans, and the regularly conforming high church men, he might effect a reconciliation on christian principles. In this good design he resolved to take a leading part, and consulted his favourites and ministers on the propriety of holding a convention.

“Your Majesty would do a charity to this people,” said Rochester, “to assemble the bishops and Puritan leaders, and teach them the true doctrine of church government.”

“Doubtless, doubtless,” added Suffolk, “his Majesty’s grace will be listened to, and it were unpardonable to let the innovators new model, and new model, and overturn, and alter, and quibble from June to January, when one good wholesome lesson might teach them their duty.”

“What says my Lord Northampton?” asked James.

“I am perfectly of my Lord Roches-

ter's opinion," answered Northampton; "your grace should school these Puritans well for their unsteadiness and envenomed criticisms on both Catholicism and Protestantism."

"Ashes of Babylon! Catholicism forsooth in the same sentence with Protestantism."—said the King.

"My Lord of Northampton only spoke in reference to the antiquity of these modes of faith," said Rochester—"things are more excellent only by comparison."

"Chaff, chaff," said the King—"but what says my Lord of Salisbury?"

Cecil, who knew the character of the people James governed much better than his Prince did, reasoned that "Schisms were attended with inconveniences, and were easier buried, and with less clamour in sufferance and contempt, than by opposition or disputation."

“Thinkest thou, Cecil,” exclaimed James, “I fear to hazard my reason against such as have nothing but brutish obstinacy to oppose?—I tell thee nay, man.—We will hold a convention at our palace of Hampton Court, whither thou wilt summon all our lieges to meet us in a formal disputation.”

“Sir, and Prince,” said Cecil with much firmness, but with the greatest modesty, “if I know aught of this people, their opinions, rooted by descent, are sooner chilled through want of preferments, (the which concessions neither majestical nor politic would be,) than eradicated by power?”

“Tush! man!” said James, “I fear not the array of learned doctors, Puritans and Recusants, seeing all at this day think themselves under persecution; if we cannot silence the reason of those formerly suborned through a contrary

education, we shall have a Colloquie at Hampton Court this day se'nnight."

Somerset, in boisterous language extolled the King's speech, while Cecil in silence bowed and departed, and the King on the day appointed attended the Convocation with his court and favourites.

CHAP. XIV.

We are oft to blame in this ;
 'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage
 And pious action, we do sugar o'er
 The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true :
 How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience ;
 The harlot's cheek beautify'd with plast'ring art,
 Is not more ugly to the things that helps it,
 Than is my deed to my most painted word.

HAMLET.

THE place of meeting was a withdrawing room within the privy chamber ; the King sat as moderator ; the spectators were all the lords and the privy council ; on one side appeared the bishops, deans,

and clergymen who stood upon conformity to mother church ; on the other were the Doctors Reynolds and Sparks, with Masters Knewstubs and Charderton.

James opened the conference by illustrating his office, which, he said, was as a good prince, and according to his oath of coronation—" To minister justice and judgment to the people," as saith King David ; " to advance the good and to punish the evil," as he, the same David, likewise saith ; to establish good laws to his people, and procure obedience to the same, as divers good kings of Judah did ; to procure the peace of the people, as Solomon did ; to be " the minister of God for the weal of them that do well, and as the minister of God, to take vengeance upon them that do evil," as St. Paul saith ; and, finally, as a good pastor, to go out before his people, as is said in the first of Samuel ; " that through the

prince's prosperity the people's peace may be procured," as Jeremiah saith.

His Majesty then intimated to the members of the Convocation the special things wherein he desired to be satisfied, and, with much method, he reduced them to three points, and then in a very logical manner proceeded to explain these heads, for the satisfaction of all present; but perhaps with no small degree of pride at his own polemical ability and knowledge.

The Bishop of Winchester, in a flourish of rhetorical figures, began to praise this speech, but was silenced by the King, who declared "he scorned all garlands of praises which were not ever green, but being dry and withered for want of sap and radical moisture, do flag—I defy and renounce those who laud me—I contest against all praises which grace me with petty accessories, but rob me of the principal, that one thing necessary—

namely, the fear and knowledge of God unto whose Majesty alone I have devoted my sceptre, my sword, my pen, my whole industry, my whole self and all that is mine, in whole or in part."

The first point was then discussed largely, and a result was drawn from it, favourably, concerning excommunication, private baptism, particularly christening and by women, absolution, and confirmation.

Dr. Reynolds then proceeded to reduce to a certain number of general heads, the things disliked or questioned, but he was stoutly opposed by the Bishop of London, who said, "Fain would I know the end you aim at, and whether you be not of Mr. Cartwright's mind, who affirmed, that we ought, in ceremonies, rather to conform to the Turks than to the Papists; I doubt you approve his position, because here appearing before his Majesty in Turkey gowns,

not in your scholastic habits, according to the order of the universities."

"My Lord Bishop," said the King, "something in your passion I may excuse, something I must mislike—there is no order, no end to disputation, if each party be not suffered, without chopping, to speak at large."

Dr. Reynolds then proceeded to argue that every clergyman should be allowed to confirm as well as the bishop.

"I dissent therefrom," said James, hastily ; "I approve the calling and use of bishops in the church, and it is my aphorism—no bishop, no king."

"All we desire, most gracious sovereign," said the sturdy Puritanical Reynolds, "is, that the church may not be disfigured in the filth of profaneness, nor be bedaubed by the varnish of hypocrisy—that ceremony and Sabbath may be decently and rigidly commanded or observed."

“ Ceremony and Sabbath,” said Bishop Bilson, warmly, “ the ordinary pretences for sedition, the eye-walled blanchers at them, are more followed out of reproach than approbation. For though zeal in the clergy may bias men towards religious duties, yet it hath often been found much to alter the gait of the rabble, as they have quite forsaken the end of all professions, which is obedience to God and their governors, and inclined to more uncouth and destructive opinions than an open and unsuborned temper in religion was ever yet found guilty of.”

“ Though I am old, and clothed in barbarous weed,” said the venerable Puritan, Master Chaderton, “ nothing garnished with gay eloquence, yet I tell the truth ; if ye like to take heed, gracious Prince, against the froward and furious fantasy of the bishop which reckoneth it of a great heresy, and unto

lay people grievous outrage, to oppose in truth, their vestments of Babylon, as we, in old time, withstood the shorn crown, with forked cap, and gay cross of gold ;

Yet to shew the vérité, one may be bold,
Although it be a proverb daily spoken,
' Who that telleth truth his head shall be broken.' "

" A merry bard, by my certies," said James, " but anent the keeping of holiday, I wot not that it be kepted in licentious gaiety, and as to ceremonies *mitte arcana Dei, coelūque inquirere quid sit* ; and thou, Reynolds, remember the words of that divine poet, Dubartas :

' De peur qu'en offénçant des saincts l'orielle tendre,
Je ne les semble plus enseigner, que reprendre.'

By the difference of less than one letter, between siboleth and shiboleth, the ten

tribes of Israel could discern their friends from their foes, and that by the pronunciation only ; but wherefore should children of one family resemble the enemies of Christ in the East Church and the Church orthodoxal. Touching myself, I never dreamed that religion stood in a hat, or a cloak, or in any covering of the body ; albeit, I shall ne'er be rocked asleep by the mumnery of any man's dress, be he churchman or layman."

" I think the catechism of the Common Prayer is too brief, and that by Mr. Nowel too long," said Dr. Reynolds ; " I request, therefore, that one uniform catechism may be made, and none other generally received."

" I think the Doctor's request is very reasonable," said the King ; " yet or that the catechism may be made in the fewest and plainest affirmative terms that may be, not like the many ignorant catechisms in Scotland, set out by every one

who was the son of a good man, inso-much that what was, Christian doctrine in one congregation, was scarcely received as orthodox in another."

The King here paused and looked round the assembly, as if desirous to hear something from some other dignitaries of the church ; and the silence of his Majesty was construed as the signal for some one of the disputants to speak, and Bishop Bilson thus addressed Reynolds and his party :

" Know ye not, masters, that knowledge, wit, and learning, in an heretic, are of none other service but only to make him the more culpable, and consequently obnoxious to the more grievous punishments. All virtues turn to vices when they become the servants of impiety."

" Crave you mercy, Sir Prelate," said Reynolds, boldly, " think'st thou we're like thyself, an insensible ass, which

hath no feeling of God's spirit in the matter of justification? Why sing not the courtiers instead of their wanton songs, the sonnets of Thomas Sternhold? Why are not the libraries purged of all missals, legends, and other superstitious volumes? Good, sweet King, thou art fitter to judge in these matters of theology than that religious romancer; then let thy courtiers give no licence to the wanton vices of the boy bishop in his pontificalibus."

"Good, Master Reynolds," said James with much suavity, "we seem wandering, like the doctors who skim on the surface of the fathers, whom I follow in nothing, unless they follow the scripture; more doth not the church. Now anent your charges of my courtiers, I can find no more reason in it, than I can find marrow bones and sinews in the mass; wherefore, as prolocutor, I have in order to set forth the

gross lampooneries of your sect, and painting on the church walls absurd groups of ill limned clergymen in their pontificalibus."

"I take exceptions at the cross in baptism," said Knewstubs, "whereat the weak brethren are offended, contrary to the counsel of the apostle."

"I will not argue that point with you," said the King, "but answer as kings in parliament, *le roy s'avisera*—Never speak more to that point, how far you are bound to obey."

"Would that the cross," said Reynolds, "being superstitiously abused in popery, were abandoned as the brazen serpent was stamped to powder by Hezekias, because abused to idolatry."

"Master Reynolds," said the King, "there is no resemblance between a sign made in the air, and a lump of metal."

"I take exception," said Reynolds again, "at the wearing of the surplice,

a kind of garment used by the priests of Isis."

"I did not think," said the King smiling, "it had been borrowed from the heathens, being called commonly a rag of Popery. Seeing now we border not upon heathens, neither are any of them conversant with, or communicant amongst us, thereby to be confirmed in paganism; I see no reason, but for comeliness sake it may be used and continued."

"This should not be a work of darkness, nor we be juggled by kingcraft," exclaimed Master Knewstubs; "we admit in all its length and breadth the royal prerogative and the rights of kings. But what has darkness to do with light? If surplices, corner caps, and tippets have been badges of idolaters in the very acts of their idolatry, why should the preachers of christian liberty, the

open rebukers of all superstition, partake with the dregs of the Romish beast. Wherefore, my sweet Prince, deliver thyself and thy kingdom from those detestable enormities ; and let not appear in the chapel royal an altar, a crucifix, and lighted tapers, copes and rich garments, or thy priests and singers, while the knights of the garter surround thy altar ;—and, moreover, albeit it be spoken reverently, the cross in baptism, and the use of organs, be both of them relics of those who shaved their crowns—we be twain, doubtless, thy clergy and we—to our unutterable anguish and horror ; nevertheless we will not dissemble as some do, to save our pigs, but be valiant for the truth, in every speck of truth, but we will utterly detest and put from us, whatever tendeth neither to decency nor edification,—antichrist, head, body, and tail.”

“Speak boldly,” said James, “lift up your voices, men of truth; but listen to me while I read you the political scripture of Geneva, where in Exodus, chap. xv. v. 19, ye allow of disobedience to regal authority; where in 2d Chron. chap. xix. verse 16, ye censure Asa for stopping short in his work, when he contented himself with deposing his mother, and not putting her to death; and where in Rev. chap. ix. v. 3. ye interpret the locusts that come out of the smoke to be false teachers, worldly subtle prelates, with monks, friars, cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, doctors, bachelors, masters; besides numbers of more passages equally direct against all establishments, civil and ecclesiastical.”—And the King looked round the assembly for an apologist of the Geneva commentary;—but he looked not long before an opponent arose—

This was Reynolds, who avoiding a

reply to the charge preferred against the Puritan's bible, argued at some length, that the care of burying the dead did not belong to the ministerial office, more than to the rest of the church. In giving names to children, he thought "paganism ought to be avoided."

Will you not leave these things to your bishops?" said Bilson.

"No!" replied the sturdy non-conformist, "by the faith I bear, we will pass nothing that grieves us this day and leave it to our bishops, for that were to make you popes—No! make you popes who list, we will make you none."

"We take exception," added Reynolds, "at these words in the marriage: " 'with my body I worship thee.' "

"It agreeth with the scriptures," said the King, "giving honour to the wife;" as for you, Dr. Reynolds, many men speak of Robin Hood, who never shot in his bow;" and the King smiled as he added

"If you had a good wife yourself, you would think all worship and honour you could do her, were well bestowed on her."

"Some take exception at the ring in marriage," said the Dean of Sarum.

"I approve it well enough," replied Reynolds.

"I was married with a ring," said the King, "and think others scarce well married without it."

"Some take exception at the churchings of women," quoth Reynolds, "by the name of purification."

"I allow it very well," replied the King, "women being loth of themselves to come to church; I like this or any other occasion that may draw them there. Well, Dr. Reynolds, have you any thing more to say?"

"Only that according to certain provincial constitutions, the clergy may have meetings every three weeks."

“ If you aim at Scottish presbytery,” said James, “ it agreeth as well with monarchy as God and the Devil. Then Jack and Tom, and Will, shall meet and remove me and my council. Know you any here, or elsewhere, who like the present government ecclesiastical, and dislike my supremacy ?”

Dr. Reynolds replied, “ I know none.” —And James who saw there would be no end to this debate, kept the argument in his own hands, and shewed at great length that these provincial constitutions in rural Deaneries for the encouragement of prophecy among the non-conformist brethren trenched on the prerogative.

“ Cry your pardon, Sire,”—interrupted Reynolds with his usual intrepid boldness,—“ a parliament of former days declared those who might introduce an Agnus Dei, a crucifix, or any relique consecrated by the Pope, guilty of a premunire; and in truth, Sir, ye

should not be offended that we dislike both the beast and its wool—we object not to the singing of the psalms, plain, vivâ voce, but we abhor the tossing them from one side to the other, with the interminglement of organs.”

James seemed amused at this reprobation of sacred music, and the smile on his countenance offended a puritan who had once or twice essayed to edge in a word in the debate. “Speak man, what hast thou to say?” said the King to him—“Who art thou?”

“White, an’t please your Majesty,” said the man.

“Aye! white as black as the devil,” ejaculated King James to the great mirth of his courtiers.

“Not so, my Lord and King,” said White, “I be one of God’s children.”

“Thou art a rebel,” said James laughing.

“ Not so, most gracious Sovereign, a true subject,” answered the blunt puritan.

“ Yea ! I swear by the cross thou art a very rebel,” replied the King with somewhat of his usual gravity.

“ Your Majesty might have put the mass with the cross,” said the undaunted Puritan, “ for if ye will swear ”——

“ I may swear in a matter of charity,” said the King, thus modestly reprimanding the man who had the courage to reprove his gross excess of language.— But without further defence of his conduct, James assumed the style of his title and said, “ fear not, we shall be careful to keep safe the fences of discipline, and shut the gates of persecution ; how sayest thou my Lord Bishop, of this white—black rebel ? ”

“ Who admitted thee to orders, Master White ? ” said Bishop Bilson.

The Puritan preacher, whose sarcastic

coolness in replying to the King had greatly provoked the bishops, though it highly amused the young and gay courtiers, quaintly replied, "so please your lordly dignity, the Bishop of Peterborough in a former time."

"The Bishop was overseen," said Bilson with bitterness.

"Like enough so," replied Master White, "and I pray God these scales may fall from his eyes."

"Thou art a very ass! thou art mad! thou courageous?" ejaculated the Bishop, whose temperament threw him off his guard—"Nay thou art impudent. By my troth I think he is mad: he careth for nobody."

"Sir," returned White, "I take exception at swearing bishops; I praise God I am not mad; but sorry to see you out of temper."

"And to what purpose dost thou except raggamuffin?" demanded Dr. Laud

—"Thou, thou, who hast entered the church as a tinker and his bitch do an alehouse."

James rubbed his hands like a child, chuckled and whispered to Cecil—and Bishop Bilson addressing the courtiers, said as if to them collectively, "Did you ever hear one more impudent."

"It is not, I trust, impudence to answer for myself," rejoined White; "and anent the fooleries we charge you with—all, there be gross abuse of the church service, by piping of organs, singing, ringing, and trowling of psalms from one side of the choir to another; with the squeaking of chaunting choristers, disguised as all the rest, in filthy surplices; some in corner caps and filthy copes, imitating the fashion and manner of Antichrist, that man of sin, and child of perdition, with his other rabble of miscreants and shavelings."

"Hold thy peace," said the Lord

Bishop Bilson, angrily, "thou takest upon thee to be a preacher, but there is nothing in thee; thou art a very ass, an idiot, a fool; an overthwart, proud, Puritan knave."

"I humbly beseech you, Sir," said the insulted minister, "have patience, and give us a better example, else we shall think your cloth covereth an unprofitable drone, a caterpillar of the world, an idle loitering lubbard, just crawled out of his den."

"We cannot suffer this longer," said the patient King. "We have borne with the weakness of our brethren; discourteous language in our presence is neither reason nor politic.—It's as I said, Cecil;—ye hear," but checking himself, the King paused.

"We ask now," said Reynolds, "that the performance of marriage rites may be allowed in any season of the year?"

“ This demand,” said Bilson, “ tendeth to the slander of the church, as having hitherto maintained an error, but withall it is rational.”

“ And anent your sports of dancing, fencing, ringing, wrestling, usual on the Sabbath day, and your play houses at the Black Friars and in Salisbury’s Court,” said Master Knewstubs; “ they are impious and heathenish.—Let the stoutest fencer of you on that day lay down his buckler, the most skilful archer unbend his bow; let your gracious Majesty put down, by the strong hand of power, the May games and Moorish dances, and good reason there is that bells should be silenced from gingling about men’s legs, if their very ringing in steeples be unlawful, as it is, if ye cannot confirm us in the text that alloweth these badges of Babylon.”

“ My lords, and gentles, and people,” said the King, “ we cannot hold but

this plain and christian doctrine, no ceremonies, no church ; no church, no bishop ; no bishop, no king.—And anent our concientious brethren whom I look upon as Protestants scared out of their wits, they and we must not blow the bellows of schism. If some brain-sick folks do oppose the discipline and ceremonies of the church, others make religion an umbrella to impiety, and on ilka side do the graceless weave to themselves a title of fashion in church or common weal.—But to come to the main object of our colloquie this day—namely, who should command, the diocesian or the priest ? I have in my *Βασιλικον θεωρον*, or *Don Royal*, explained the duties of a christian king to God, and in my true law of free monarchies the reciprocal and mutual duty betwixt a free king and his natural subjects, and these are printed and published to the whole world ; wherefore my opinions

are known. In this conference I had anticipated good, and good will follow; for I protest unto you, nothing in earth can grieve me so much as men's squabbling about religion in my days; and nothing so much joys me as when that religion increaseth under me.—But touching the matters of this day, I do verily believe there be gentlemen here before me, of great worth in their own conceit, and who cannot be content with the present form of Government, but must have a kind of liberty in the people, and must be gracious lords and redeemers of their liberty; and in every cause that concerns a prerogative, give a snatch against a monarchy, through their Puritanical itching after popularity. Some of them have shewed themselves too bold, but we gave them license to speak, and they are excusable. Howbeit, when all is done, if there were not a King, they would be less

cared for than other men. I hold the mid-way in all things to be the way of virtue; and I desire the auditorie assembled here may relate to their friends and constituents what I now speak. As all common and municipal laws must be governed by God's law, so all christian churches must be governed by the Sacred Scriptures; and I say in my conscience, of any church that I ever read or heard of, present or past, the Church of England is the most pure, and nearest the primitive and apostolical church in doctrine and discipline, and is sureliest founded upon the word of God, of any church in Christendom.

“ And as I have only God to answer to, and to expect punishment at his hands if I offend; so you all are to answer both to God and me, and expect punishment at God's hands and mine, if you be found in fault— not that I am

about to subject you, my lieges, to persecution because ye see not all with the same eyes.—Heaven fend. And see to it, in all your preachments and prophesying, christian teachers, that ye become not lawyers concerning my absolute prerogative or mystery of state, for it is a transcendent matter and must not be sliberely talked of with over rash wilfulness.

“ It is atheism and blasphemy to dispute what God can do ; good christians content themselves with his will revealed in his word ; so it's presumption and high contempt in a subject to dispute what a king can do, or say that a king cannot do this, or that ; but rest in that which is the king's revealed will in the rubrick of the church in her liturgy, her ceremonies, her bishops—and in me as head and father of church and state.—God and his church must in

all things have the precedence; and forasmuch as my judges never return from any circuit, but they occasion me as hath been done this day by this auditorie, great comfort, and great grief. Comfort when I hear religious feuds are diminishing, and grief when men stand aloof from the fold of the church, and in no ways will come into her bosom. Wherefore, my sentence is, that the church stand as she doth, and that ye who are alienated from her seek unto the Holy Writ, and to the writings I have published for the good of my kingdoms and people, and therefrom divine your duty that we may all be one."

"Cry you mercy, my Lord the King," said Chaderton, "think of the Godly ministers of Lancashire, who if forced to conformity, many won by their preaching will revolt to popery,

and I particularly instance the vicar of Ratsdale."

"You could not have lighted upon a worse," exclaimed the Archbishop of Canterbury; "for not many years ago, as my Lord Chancellor knows, it was proved before me, that this man by his unreverent usage of the Eucharist, dealing the bread out of a basket, every man putting in his hand and taking out a piece, made many loathe the communion, and refuse to come to church."

"Let these Lancashire ministers be looked after," said the King.—"I will make them conform themselves, or else I will harrie them out of the land, or else I will do worse."

"And now," continued the King, "I come to speak of what grieveth me sore in heart, the increase of recusants: and there be three sorts of recusants;

first, they who for themselves are not recusants, but their wives and their families are; and they themselves do come to church but once or twice in a year as inforced by law, or for fashion's sake. These may be formal to the law, but more false to God than the other sort. The second sort are they that are recusants, and have their conscience misled, and therefore refuse to come to church, but otherwise live as peaceable subjects. The third sort are practising recusants; these force their servants to be recusants with them; they will suffer none of their tenants, but they must be recusants, and their neighbours if they live by them in peace must be recusants also.

“These you may find out as a fox, by their foul smell, a great way round about his hole. This is a high pride and presumption, that they for whose

souls I must answer to God, and who enjoy their lives and liberties under me, will not only be recusants themselves, but infect and draw others after them. As I have said in the Parliament House, I can love the person of a papist being otherwise a good man and honestly bred, never having known any other religion ; but the person of an apostate papist, I hate. And surely for those polypragmatick papists, I would the Bishops and the High Commission Court, and the Judges of Assize, might study out some severe punishment for them ; for they keep not infection in their own hearts only, but also infect others our good subjects. And that which I say for recusants, the same I say for priests. I confess I am loathe to hang a priest only for religion's sake, and saying mass ; but if he refuse the oath of allegiance (which, let the Pope and

all the devils in hell say what they will), yet, (as you find by my book and by divers other is merely civil); those that refuse the oath, and are polypragmatick recusants, I leave to the law; it is no persecution, but good justice.

“ And those priests also, that out of my grace and mercy have been let go out of prisons and banished, upon condition not to return, ask me no questions touching these, quit me of them, my lords, bishops, and let me not hear of them. And to them I join those that break prison; for such priests as the prison will not hold, it is a plain sign nothing will hold them but a halter. Such are no martyrs that refuse to suffer for their conscience.—And now Doctor Matthew Sutcliffe, what is your opinion?”

“ So please your Majesty,” replied the Dean, “ I would build a college for

the advancement of the reformed religion, and the defence of it from the attacks of Rome and its enemies."

"Good, Master Dean," said James; "a very proper thing; a school of polemical divinity in this controversial age we do want; the ground shall be Chelsea; the wood shall come from Windsor Forest. We shall endow it by charter—a provost, and nineteen fellows, whereof two may be laymen—'Thame Shot,' is the ground I'll erect on, and good Doctor Bancroft our right, trusty, and well beloved counsellor, will raise us contributions from his See of Canterbury.—And now do we dissolve this colloquie."—So saying the King rose and was followed by his courtiers to an inner apartment of the palace. But little did they who now irritated the unoffending puritans, dream that the King's ostentation made the schism wider between the puritans or re-

formers in politics of the seventeenth century, and the high church men or prerogative upholders, and that the sect they now so lightly treated would chop off the head of the next king of Britain. But even now some of these precisians were acquainted with the secrets of the Divinity, as themselves thought, and could distinguish between the reprobate and the elect; and we may very readily conceive on which side they ranked the family of the Stuarts. To return from episode to the conference, as soon as the King rose to depart, the Bishop of London prayed thus:—"God's goodness be blessed for your Majesty, and give health and prosperity to your highness, your gracious Queen, the young prince, and all the royal issue."

Henceforward many cripples in conformity were cured of their former

halting therein, and such as knew not their own, till they knew the King's mind in this matter, for the future, quietly digested the ceremonies of the church.

END OF VOL. II.

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